

GIRLS HUMOUR PERSONALITIES CARS CONFESSIONS

FOR ADULTS

No. 8 50p

anglo-

U.S. \$1.25
Aust. \$1.25

25p

30 pages
of birds

**THE CURIOUS
CULT OF
NOSTRADAMUS**

**BALTIC BLISS:
A PASSIONATE
PICTORIAL**

**ARE YOU
A POWER
BIKE NUT?**

**MY START AS
A SOHO
STRIPPER**

**SEX & SLAVES:
BIZARRE
CUSTOMS**

**THE WORLD
OF TV: Mr
TOMORROW**

**THIS IS
RITA!
SEE
MORE
OF HER
-p.42**



The art of clean living

N^o3

Pep up Cola with Cossack

The long, cool quencher. And don't forget
the ice cubes and a slice of lemon.
Drink the clean drink – Cossack Vodka.



CONTENTS NO 8



PAGE 18



PAGE 59



PAGE 42



PAGE 28

PAGE	ITEM
1	COVER <i>See pages 42-49</i>
4	PREAMBLE <i>Backroom report</i>
6	ALPHA PARTICLES <i>Linda Lovelace the girl, Micky Most on pop, E.p. of contraception, etc</i>
14	POWER BIKES <i>Two wheels that cost you more than four—a '70s cult by Peter Watson</i>
18	BALTIC RAPTURE <i>Lotta and Kjell in intimate and enthusiastic close-up photos: C. Flodqvist</i>
24	LOVE AND A QUEEN'S DRAGOON <i>A bawdy Victorian manuscript rediscovered—uninhibited extract</i>
28	NOSTRADAMUS—CLAIRVOYANT OR CON? <i>A sceptical re-examination of the seer's undimmed reputation by R. Lamont Brown</i>
31	HAPPY BIRTHDAY! <i>Another funstrip by England's most cut-out and pinned-up cartoonist by F. Dickens</i>
33	BIZARRE <i>The salacious fate of slavegirls in the old South by Francis Selwyn</i>
35	MAID MARIAN <i>A shapely 17 year-old with ideas photos: Gerald Williams</i>
40	THE TUPPY OWENS SEX SCENE <i>Sex advice and sex news from Alpha's tame sex maniac</i>
42	RITA <i>Poster-size pinups of our voluptuous cover girl photos: Ed Alexander</i>
51	CO-HABITS <i>Alpha's casebook of intimate confession</i>
	1. LIFE WITH A WOMANIZER <i>He has his mistress living with them now! by Lendal Scott-Ellis</i>
53	2. THE PROUD STRIPPER <i>Why Selena is so professional, and why her lover applauds by Stella Stuart</i>
56	3. THE SHAMATEURS <i>Two girls who like weekly outings with generous men by Iain Scarlet</i>
59	JANET <i>An aspiring actress you can expect to be seeing photos: Little Caesar</i>
67	ALPHA INTERVIEWS RAYMOND BAXTER <i>TV's herald of "Tomorrow's World" lives in an old house full of antiques</i>
70	CINESEX <i>"Eskimo Nell" comes to the screen—well, the title anyway</i>
74	MYTH HAPS <i>The immortals and their one-track minds by Leon</i>
75	CAR CONVERSATION <i>Gordon Wilkins on a new dawn for diesel cars</i>
77	ALPHA ARENA <i>Where you fight it out among yourselves, and take a poke at us too</i>
78	HALLO FROM HENRIETTA <i>Thereby hangs a tale photos: Mel Sheriff</i>

ALPHA magazine is published monthly by Alphabetic Editions Ltd., registered number 1109355 (London), registered office 120 Newgate Street, London EC1. Printing by Beric Press Ltd., Crawley, Sussex. Origination by Midland Photo Litho, Birmingham. Distribution by David Gold & Son (Holdings) Ltd., Unit 15 Rich Estate, Crimscoth Street, London SE1. Contributions: all material for publication, including transparencies, is submitted at owner's risk. Though every care is taken Alphabetic Editions Ltd, its servants and agents, accept no responsibility for loss or damage. Characters in Alpha fiction are fictitious and no reference is intended to persons living or dead. Contents copyright © by Alphabetic Editions Ltd 1974. No. 8, August 1974.

Stay Young

Here's how patented BULLWORKER helps you do it

Experts in physiology and physical culture agree that a man's age is not only a matter of "birthdays". As one outstanding American doctor says: "Ageing can be held off by recharging with proper exercise to replace and strengthen body tissues". Yes, modern science has proved it, a vital key to staying young, whether you're 25 or 45, is exercise. But conventional exercise is often boring. Or maybe you just have "no time" for it.

For you and thousands of "inactive" men in all walks of life - businessmen, doctors, lawyers, office workers, taxi and lorry drivers - the renowned physical-culture expert Gert F. Kolbel has invented the amazing BULLWORKER.

BULLWORKER is totally unlike conventional exercises. It is based on the principle of Isometric contraction - scientifically proved to give results 3 times faster than conventional methods and sports. Stay in shape, keep that firm, manly build you're so proud of, feel and look younger whatever your age.

It takes you just 5 minutes a day! Results you can see, feel and measure guaranteed or it costs you nothing!

Here's how it's possible. Grasping the BULLWORKER you execute a simple "push, hold-for-7-seconds, release" movement. During the "hold" period, you are actually exercising your muscles through "isometric resistance" - the resistance set up in your muscles by the opposing force of the BULLWORKER.

BULLWORKER isometric exercise is motionless. It requires very little effort. (To achieve maximum muscular stimulation, you need expend only 60% of your muscular strength). Each exercise takes just 6-8 seconds!

Yet in that incredibly brief time, BULLWORKER isometric resistance sets up recharging and strengthening forces in tissues throughout the major muscle groups of your body without tiring you.

The result: Scientific tests show that you can increase muscular strength by as much as 4% each week. Bullworker's built-in POWERMETER shows your amazing increases, week by week!

You can start right off building firm, "flab free" biceps and forearms. A fuller torso and flat muscular abdomen. Thighs develop, while

firming up unsightly fat. The powerful deltoid muscles of your shoulders fill out, giving your whole body a more manly allure.

What's more, strong muscles are efficient muscles, they promote good posture and reinforce support for internal organs, encouraging deeper breathing and more effective muscular metabolism - in short, better overall physical fitness.

Thousands of men the world over stay in shape, look and feel years younger than their contemporaries, thanks to new BULLWORKER Isometrics. Leading athletes, too, train with BULLWORKER; track star Bob Hoffman; weight-lifting champion Dave Prowse; World Cycling Champion Eddy Merckx; World Judo Champion Wim Ruska; World Boxing Champion Cassius Clay - and many others whose careers depend on top physical fitness.

Prove BULLWORKER in your home at no cost or obligation to buy. Let us prove what BULLWORKER can do for you - regardless of your age. Simply post the coupon and we'll send you the new BULLWORKER 2 complete with a full colour illustrated booklet of simple, enjoyable exercises. Try it free for 2 whole weeks. The results described in this advertisement are guaranteed. You must actually measure at least an 8% power increase on the built-in POWERMETER after just 2 weeks of 5 minutes a day Bullworker training. Otherwise, you may simply return the BULLWORKER and owe nothing.

Without purchase obligation, post the coupon today. You'll be glad you did: let BULLWORKER help you stay young.

Bullworker, 20 St. Ann's Cres.,
London SW18 2LZ.



FREE 14-DAY HOME TRIAL COUPON

BULLWORKER, Dept. 955/084
20 St. Ann's Crescent, London SW18 2LZ.

Tick box to indicate which offer you prefer.

☐ Please send me a Bullworker. If after 14 days I am not delighted with the results, I will return it post paid and the matter will end right there. Otherwise I will keep it and pay just £1.85 at end of the trial period, followed by 5 consecutive mthly payments of £2.55 each, total £14.60. Or I can SAVE £2.15 by paying £12.45 at the end of my 14-day trial.

Special fast delivery offer SAVES EXTRA 50p

☐ I prefer to SAVE £2.65 by enclosing cheque/P.O. for £11.95. I can return the Bullworker post paid after 14 days for full cash refund if not delighted. Cheques/P.O.s payable to Isotonic Equipment.

Name _____

Address _____

Reg'd. No. 689088
Div. of Leisure Arts Ltd.

220D



preamble

MORE novelties. For your holiday reading Alpha comes up with a piece of Victorian fiction, never before published in Britain. The author, whoever he was, wouldn't even put his name to his erotic novel in those wicked days—probably thought he'd be drummed out of the regiment. The novel was entitled "The Loves of a Queen's Dragon," and we've chosen



Military moment

one of the raciest chapters (page 24).

Today it's blue movies and erotic photographs rather than furtive novels, and we're up with both. Linda Lovelace of the bluest movie yet is described by her closest English companion (page 6), and her candid biography is discussed by Tuppy Owens (page 40).

Linda's noted speciality seems to be only the half of it: she's an all-round sexual athlete. As for the erotic pictures, try the intimate views of Lotte and Kjell (page 18), a feat of romantic yet frank photography. Then there's Cinesex, which previews a brave attempt to screen Eskimo Nell, heroine of a still-censored poem. If only Linda Lovelace were in it! The trouble is, no British cinema would show it, whereas you'll be able to see and enjoy Stanley Long's comedy (page 70). If you're a fan of "Tomorrow's World"—and what lover of gadgetry isn't?—you'll want to read our interview with Raymond Baxter (page 67). Many know him as a commentator on grand prix races, but he tells us that for him cars are just a substitute for planes, his passion. We didn't ask him about motorbikes, but Peter Watson brings us up to date on the two-wheel cult. An enthusiastic rider himself, he says the sort of machines he's talking about can lose a sports car. Sounds more exciting than diesels, but Gordon Wilkins tells us there are lively new developments there too (page 75). Ω

ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO:
BCM-Alphabetic, London WC1V 6XX.
Telephones 01-289 1473 (editorial);
01-807 7905 (advertisements)
Publisher & Editor Harry Fieldhouse
Deputy Editor Alan Radnor
Art Direction Tony Page
Advertisement Manager J. Crockford

The true story of a legendary breed of men.
Discover the world of the hard-living, hard-riding heroes of

THE OLD WEST



THE COWBOYS

yours to examine
FREE for 10 days.

THE COWBOYS were dirty, overworked labourers who fried their brains in the sun, or rode endless miles in rain and wind to look for lost calves... but they were heroes too.

Now you can share the dust and glory of their way of life in *THE COWBOYS*, volume one of a big, beautiful new book series *The Old West*.

In *THE COWBOYS* - which you can examine FREE for 10 days - you'll discover cowboy arts - like roping and branding steers. You'll see a thousand head of cattle stampeded by a thunderstorm. You'll discover the difference between a hard, ruthless man who owned 20 million acres of Texas and a hard-bitten cowhand who earned just 75 cents for a whole season's work.

THE COWBOYS - like all the books in this series - is packed with illustrations of all kinds. Historic photographs, full-colour paintings, diagrams explaining how things were done - 250 illustrations in every book. The text is lively, readable and highly informative, with hundreds of fascinating revelations about *The Old West*.

Later in the series, you'll run into *THE INDIANS*, driven to defeat by relentless white men. You'll understand their culture and way of life. The unique relationship between the brave and his horse, between the Indian and the buffalo, between the tribe and its gods.

Then you'll meet *THE TRAILBLAZERS*, the men who opened up the country for the first time. You'll saddle up with *THE SOLDIERS*, ride *THE RAILROADERS* and meet Buffalo Bill. You'll know gold fever with *THE FORTY-NINERS*, and travel with the covered wagons of *THE PIONEERS*. In *THE GUNFIGHTERS*, *THE LOGGERS* and *THE HUSTLERS*, you'll meet the extraordinary people who lived, fought and died in *The Old West*.

And each volume will be yours to inspect without obligation. As they are issued, they will be sent to you for 10 days' free reading. Volume one, *THE COWBOYS*, can be yours NOW. All you have to do is complete, sign and send the coupon today.



Some surprising facts from *THE OLD WEST*

- Indian women warriors, though rare, were sometimes outstanding - and given all the honours usually reserved for male warriors.
- Wild Bill Hickok wasn't much of a hero. He drank too much, had a pasty face, and seemed effeminate in many ways.
- "Hanging Judge" Parker ruled western Arkansas with a 12-man gallows, and sentenced 172 people to death in just 21 years.
- Wyatt Earp was a bar-room bouncer, bush league gambler, petty politician and probably a cattle rustler.
- One out of three cowboys was Mexican or black.

- * Each volume is a full 11 x 8½ inches.
- * Bound in lush brown padded covers, heavily embossed and stamped with unique Western-style saddle designs.
- * Ribbed spine golden-stamped.
- * Over 250 illustrations in each volume - many of them in colour.
- * 240 pages of words and pictures.

Time-Life Books, c/o Time-Life International Ltd., New Bond Street, London W1Y 0AA

FREE

This gigantic full-colour poster is yours just for agreeing to look at *THE COWBOYS*. It's a 29½ x 22 inch reproduction of a genuine bill poster of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. And it's yours to keep.



YES

please accept my trial order for 10 days' free examination of *THE COWBOYS*. I need send no money now. If I decide to keep *THE COWBOYS*, you will enrol me as a subscriber to *The Old West* series.

I will then receive further volumes in *The Old West* series every three months, at the same low subscriber's price. I need not purchase any minimum number of books and may cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you. If I am not fully delighted with *THE COWBOYS*, I may return it within 10 days; you will cancel my trial subscription and I owe you nothing. In any case the *BUFFALO BILL* poster is mine to keep.

Each volume £3.95 (plus 35p - postage and handling.)

0712-08

Mr./Mrs./Miss
(PLEASE PRINT)
Address

Town

Post Code

Please sign

(No orders can be accepted without a signature)

Post your coupon today to this address: Time-Life Books, Freeport 15, London W1E 8WE. Don't affix a stamp. Freeport means we pay postage.

alpha ARTICLES

Keep fit for sex, says Linda
Newton's Law of the irresistible object
 The contraceptive business today: a close-up
Micky Most, mastermind of the pop disc
 A menu to impress by Mr Carrier



LINDA LOVELACE THE GIRL

With the same matter-of-factness as if she was discussing press-ups, Linda Lovelace talked to me about her vaginal exercises, writes *Gloria Stewart*. "Right this moment, I'm rippling the muscles inside me," she explained as she lay in a white towelling dressing gown on the bed in her suite in the Dorchester Hotel.

The conversation was about her *Life and Loves*. Or more especially her lovers, of whom she has had several hundred—mainly men, but varied by the occasional girl. She talks well, clearly in soft purring Texan. It all comes out like idle afterthoughts with no inhibitions, no secrets, nothing leery, no blue words. Just the way it was. Just the way it is. No humbug. No way.

"You've got to keep yourself fit for sex," she said. "By that I don't mean a 10-mile run or any

Topless Linda in "Sexy London": "Do it wholeheartedly, with no reservations. . . ."

straight nonsense like that. Sex needs a conservation of energy to do it properly, and therefore get the maximum pleasure. A girl should have total vaginal-control, and that needs effort to keep in trim.

"I can have as many as 50 or 60 orgasms in a day if I'm in good sexual form. I can give my lover a mind-blowing orgasm when he is in me without him moving during the last crucial seconds."

Actually, it is good news all the way with this demure-looking 23-year-old actress. Though her celebrity status comes from being the star performer in the greatest of all blue movies, *Deep Throat*, she is now on her way with contracts for mainline movies well out of the club and stag circuit.

She dresses mainly in white. It suits her dark-golden colouring. She has a ring, not too ornate or over-hip, on each of her long sensuous fingers. The girl hardly drinks: maybe a glass of wine with her dinner. She orders tea at regular intervals all day like a Concorde salesman orders champagne cocktails for prospective buyers. She considers a cigarette in her mouth really obscene. There is no pill hang-up or hash scene.

She is almost too good to be true. After all, sex is hardly naughty, and done often enough it keeps you healthy. "Lovers must work hard to please each other sexually," she went on. "I am famous for my oral technique. That's what my film is all about. This particular act of lovemaking is the most sensitive of all. It needs every resource of mental as well as physical effort. You must do it wholeheartedly, with no reservation. Otherwise you will not give your lover the magnificent sensation he deserves if you really dig him."

In America Linda's movie has made millions and has been seen by as many people as *The Sound of Music*. In Britain Linda is known mainly for her photographs in see-through dresses at Ascot and first nights in the West End. But people sense that she has this rare Star Quality, even if they have no idea whom she is. The attention she commands comes from more than being a very pretty girl.

A solemn warning by

DENNIS WHEATLEY

I feel that it is only right to urge my readers most strongly to refrain from being drawn into the practice of the Secret Art in any way. My own observations have led me to an absolute conviction that to do so would bring them into dangers of a very real and concrete nature

Witchcraft . . . black magic . . . hardly a week goes by without a sensational headline appearing in our newspapers. Are the depraved people who practise these repellent rites simply sensation seekers? Or is there a revival of Satanism? Almost certainly, no man knows more about these people, their obscene rituals and the depths of degradation to which they have sunk than Dennis Wheatley. He has made a life long study of black magic and the occult. And - as always his research has been meticulous, for no writer cares more about authenticity.

The greatest classic thriller writer of our time

But accuracy of background is not the only secret of Dennis Wheatley's universal appeal. He is also a story teller supreme and a man of extraordinary personal experience. He has travelled in 56 countries: his fantastic imagination was used by Winston Churchill himself - as a member of his War Cabinet Secret Planning Committee.

A collection of almost sinful luxury

But of all the many editions of Dennis Wheatley's works, we are supremely confident that you have never seen one so magnificent as this Heron Collection. Richly bound in leather-grained Scarlet



Kidron with lavish golden tooling . . . used to startling effect. And every volume has been finished with superlative craftsmanship. Rounded corners and rolled edges to the covers give elegance. The pages are protected by heavy end-papers and silken head and tail bands. There are silken bookmarks and the illustrations were specially commissioned from English artists . . . selected to complement Wheatley's own English genius.

No Devil's Agreement to claim your free volume

Sign and return the coupon below and we will send you - with absolutely no obligation to keep them - the first two magnificently-bound volumes from the Heron Wheatley collection, *The Devil Rides Out* and *The Launching of Roger Brook*.

If not thrilled and delighted with these truly exquisite volumes, simply return them post paid and that will be that. If you decide to keep them, *The Devil Rides Out* becomes yours as a free gift, and for *The Launching of Roger Brook* you pay only the unbelievably low subscriber's price of £1.50 plus p&p. Yes - £1.50 when the average price of an ordinarily bound book is £3.24!

And after this, there is absolutely NO COMMITMENT for you to take more volumes than you wish. You may cancel your subscription at any time. See the coupon for details. You can be one of the first proud owners of this most magnificent ever collection of the great master Dennis Wheatley. Return that coupon NOW.

Heron Books, Heron House, London SW18 2LX

FREE GIFT AND EXAMINATION CERTIFICATE

Dennis Wheatley, Dept. 955/084, Heron House, London SW18 2LX

Please send me - with absolutely no obligation to purchase - the first two volumes from your magnificently-bound Wheatley collection, *The Devil Rides Out* and *The Launching of Roger Brook*. If not thrilled and delighted I may return both of these volumes within 10 days, and owe nothing. If I decide to keep them, then *The Devil Rides Out* becomes mine as a FREE introductory gift and for *The Launching of Roger Brook* I shall pay only the special low subscriber's price of £1.50 plus p&p. Thereafter, you will send me at approximately monthly intervals and on approval, future titles from this collection, at the low subscriber's price until I decide that my collection is complete. I may cancel my subscription at any time.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Div. of Leisure Arts Ltd. - Reg'd No. 689088

Alpha 955-074

SEND
NO
MONEY
NOW



HERON
BOOKS

THESE ARE SOME OF THE THRILLING TITLES

- * STRANGE CONFLICT
- * THE SATANIST
- * TO THE DEVIL A DAUGHTER
- * THE SCARLET IMPOSTOR
- * THE KA OF GIFFORD HILLARY
- * THE EUNUCH OF STAMBOUL
- * THE BLACK BARONESS

Every volume in this magnificent collection

- * Luxuriously bound in scarlet Kidron - richly leather-grained and glove soft
- * Immaculately embossed with gleaming golden tooling
- * Lovingly finished with rounded corners, bevelled edges, heavy end-papers silken head and tail bands and silken bookmark
- * Specially commissioned illustrations

**An edition to honour the greatest
thriller writer of our time**



A West End headwaiter, in a particularly overbooked and overpriced restaurant, immediately saw her to the best table when her party arrived with no reservation. She looks and behaves like Somebody. She has this natural lady-like dignity, yet there is about her a strong aura of an erotic bedroom. It is a curious and fascinating paradox which makes the men she meets twist with libidinous awe.

"London has this sexual thing," said Linda one early morning at Tramp, the capital's smartest night place. "I get the feeling that everyone's doing it all the time. I am. I can smell it in the air. I feel as if I'm among my kind of love people."

A LOT OF BALLS

When a Chelsea businessman found his bell-push had bust he improvised with a metal coat-hanger. It made the bell ring again by completing the circuit when hooked over a projecting piece of wire. The sleight of hand required to make the contact soon gave him an idea, and the outcome was one more toy for adults: a metal loop you have to pass along a wire without touching it, which sounds a buzzer for every slip.

PARTICLES

That's the sort of thing that happens when you work in a business like Miscellania Ltd, which does nothing but dream up ornamental puzzles and scientific toys for people who ought to have grown out of such amusements. Obviously plenty of people haven't, because business is humming, mainly thanks to the long-departed Sir Isaac Newton. A metal frame with five suspended balls known as Newton's Cradle illustrates some scientific principle or other of his to schoolboys, but suitably chromed for coffee-table display it has proved an irresistible knick-knack for grownups. "We could hardly keep up with demand," sales director Robin Villars told Reg Allen. "The cradle put us on the map."

Since then the flow of toys and puzzles has multiplied till there are now 300 lines of what Villars terms "eccentrica." They include



Grownups' toys are serious business.

ON THE TOWN

A new monthly guide to sophisticated outings in London after dark:

Astor Club, off Berkeley Square, London W.1. Still notable for a glut of desirable hostesses, plus cabaret and alternating orchestras. The lighting is unfashionably bright enough for you to read the menu—£1.50 minimum whether you eat or not. Membership, negotiable at entrance, will cost you £1.10 (and admits unlimited number of guests). Not a cheap evening but good value.

Blaises, 121 Queens Gate, SW7. Membership £4 for men, £2 for women. Men pay 40p on Friday and Saturday. Live groups play on Wednesday night in the dimly lit basement.

Casino de Paris, Denman Street, W1. Open daily 2pm till 11.15pm. Admission: £2.50, drinks at reasonable prices served by self-styled "Dollies." Slightly fey strip show with desperately international cast, many suspender belts, laughs and, if you're lucky, a demonstration of how to swing tassels with your tits and your buttocks—in opposite directions—by the redheaded Sheena.

Hatchetts, 67 Piccadilly, W1. Open every evening with admission varying from £1.00 on weekdays to £1.50 on Fridays, to £1.70 on Saturdays, and back to £1.00 on Sundays. Nice, loud music to dance to and friendly atmosphere. Food at the bar or in the plush restaurant upstairs.

Iroko Country Club, next door to Belsize Park tube station on Haverstock Hill. Open 9.30 till whenever. Admission: 60p. Should be licensed fully by the time you read this. One of the few clubs in London where you can feel at home regardless of age, colour, sex or style of dress. Looked after by Nigerian drummer, Ginger Johnson, who makes everybody feel cheerfully at ease.

Louis Brown's Valbonne Club, 62 Kingly Street, off Regent Street, W1. Currently expanding its style of ambitious disco club by adding stage attractions—first a revue, later top acts such as the Poynter Sisters, Four Tops, Supremes etc. The pool in which bikini girls sometimes do go-go dancing remains. Admission: £1 each to shows, or free to members (£12.50 p.a. for men, £3.50 for women).

Maxim's Revue Bar, Frith Street, W1. Open from 12 noon till 1am and till 2am on Fridays. Admission: £1.10. Unlicensed, but Carlsberg Consort served by ex-stripper at the bar. Fairly standard strip routine with better than average-looking girls. Hot and dusty atmosphere and not really the place to take a maiden aunt.

Maximus, 14 Leicester Square, WC2. Open every night except Sunday. Drinks served by waitresses dressed as Roman nymphettes, three-course meals also available. Disco with go-go girls. Admission: £1.10 for non-members, £1.40 on Saturdays. Patronized by young tourists.

Nell Gwynne, corner of Meard Street and Dean Street, W1. Open every day 6pm till midnight. Admission: £2.20 plus a further £1.00 if you want to drink—prices of drinks are normal. No place to hang the shabby mackintosh here, the strip acts are actually choreographed, done with a fair amount of tit-wiggling humour and with a fine smattering of escape routes for the fantasists. At midnight you can go down to the Gargoyle which will cost you a further £1.10; there you can watch more strip, but on the floor not on a stage.

Red Mill, 12 Macclesfield Street, London W1. Open 12.30 to 1am and till 2am on Fridays and Saturdays. Admission: 50p. Unlicensed. Two-hour non-stop strip show including some underwhelming double acts. A bit run-of-the-mill if you'll pardon the expression but has a certain raunchy quality.

Sloop John D, Cadogan Pier, Chelsea Embankment, SW3. Open every night. Admission: £8 for membership which entitles you to take in three guests whenever you want. On weekdays anyone can get in for £1. Very expensive restaurant but quite a haunt for the lonely ladies of south London who manage to drink just about enough to float this moored paddle-steamer club. Dancefloor and bar on the ground floor, or perhaps that should be below decks.

The Black Cap, 171 Camden High Street, NW1. One of the best drag shows in London; every night and Sunday lunchtime. Try and catch Lorri Lee. Again, no admission.

The Living Room, 58 Notting Hill Gate, W11. Admission 50p, women free. Chandeliers, candelabras, with live Latin American band and quite a cheap steak and salad if you fancy. All right if you're a bit tight for money.

The Peacock, Upper Street, Islington, N1. Drag every Friday and Saturday nights. Highly recommended.

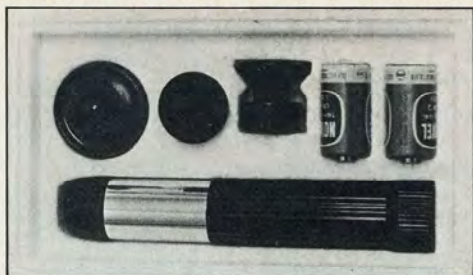
The Wheatsheaf, corner of Brackenbury Road and Goldhawk Road, W12. Mentioned for its fine Monday-only drag show performed by the delightful Lee Paris whose jokes are blue and whose costume's pink. No admission and open same hours as any pub.

Tiffanys, 22 Shaftesbury Avenue, WC2. Open every night except Sunday. Admission: before 8.30pm is 60p, before 11pm, £1, after that, it's £1.20 which includes breakfast. On Fridays, before 8.30pm, £1.00, before 3am, £1.40. On Saturdays, before 8.30pm, £1.10, before 3am, £1.50. Two restaurants and if you can work out how much you ought to be paying from the absurdly complicated scale above, you may well enjoy bopping with a variety of foreign folk. Ω

Prices of admission in at least three of the places mentioned have increased in the last couple of months so be prepared to pay an extra 10p or 20p here and there.

SEX AIDS FOR THE DISCREET — BY MAIL

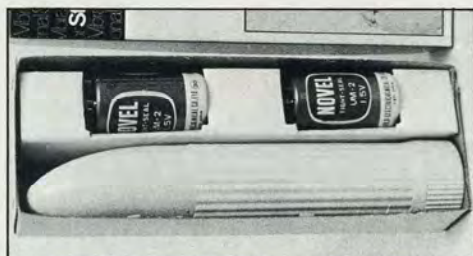
Now you can experience the latest in devices for heightening erotic pleasure, and be sure of satisfaction. Concord Products are of the best quality marketed anywhere. Vibrators, for example. Ours are quiet, powerful and factory-tested. In the unlikely event of a fault, your vibrator will be changed without question. That's a guarantee.



1. NON DOCTOR: the ultimate Four different click-in heads—each skilfully thrill-shaped for personal massage—make Non Doctor a deep-purring delight. Its throbbing power and interchangeable heads are designed to create a penetrating sense of ease and pleasure. Boxed with batteries. £5.45p including VAT plus 25p p&tp. (Order Code No. 316)



2. ANGEL'S DELIGHT After centuries of use in the Far East by girls who like to tickle their fancy, the sex-egg has at last been switched on! Brand new, this delicious female teaser-pleaser is an ultrasmooth egg which vibrates from a low purr to an ecstatic brr... under her own control. Whether used internally or externally, Angel's Delight is perfectly safe to use. Boxed, with batteries. £4.95p including VAT plus 25p p&tp. (Order Code No. 317)



3. THE STIMULANT Slim, pocketable and reliable, The Stimulant—smoothly sculptured and powerful—is the finest single vibrator made anywhere in the world. It comes to you boxed, with batteries, for only £3.25p including VAT plus 25p recorded p&tp. (Order Code No. 306)

To: Concord Products, c/o BCM-Alphabetic, London WC1V 6XX.

3 Please send me the following item: (enter Order Code Number):

I enclose cheque/postal order for £..... plus p for postage and packing, total: £..... (Cheques payable to Concord Products)

NAME

ADDRESS

DO YOU MEASURE UP?

Penis enlargement is possible—any man can now be proud to face his fellows in the shower-room and his lady in the bedroom.

The CHARTHAM METHOD is no gimmick but the result of two years research by the world famous sexologist who gives his name to it.

Get the facts, FREE, including a report of controlled tests on a group of men aged 21–60 and the amazing increases achieved in every case—PROOF that the CHARTHAM METHOD can work for you.

TO: ULTRANORM LTD.
 Dept. AL 5 The Campsbourne, London N8 7PN

Please send me, under plain cover, free details of THE CHARTHAM METHOD.

I understand that this places me under no obligation and that I will receive no follow-up literature.

I am over 18 years of age

NAME

ADDRESS

Signature Please PRINT clearly

YOU CAN and we will prove it



Fill in the coupon OR WRITE TODAY

scientific demonstrations like Crooke's radiometer—the glass bulb inside which little vanes whirl mysteriously—and elaborate versions of cracker puzzles in trendy black and white Perspex. Where do the puzzle ideas come from? “Everybody on the premises is a potential puzzlemaker,” according to Villars. “Somebody has an idea, jots it down on paper, and we make a specimen. Then it's passed round the office.” If it passes the democratic test it goes into production—after a nuclear physicist on the team has checked out the mechanical details.

Why are so many people spending so much money on trivia? One theory is that it's a status kick, because there's always an item of trivia in the modern room settings people see in the housekeeping glossies. Unable to afford a room like that, they buy the next best thing, a piece of “eccentrica.” They'd do well to hold on to them because, judging by what has happened to the bric-a-brac of the '30s, the eccentrica of the '70s could yet become tomorrow's “antiques.”

DOWN ON THE FARM

Even in ancient Rome and Greece, where the local deities were forever turning themselves into other species in order to pleasure unsuspecting maidens, bestiality was considered unnatural. It remains so today, in a climate of opinion that regards nearly all forms of sexual practice as normal. But as court reports in rural areas attest, it still goes on.

When Kinsey was doing the interviews for his famous report, writes *Dr Vernon Coleman*, he found that nearly 20 per cent of the farm workers who answered his questionnaires had experienced sexual contact with a farm animal. In some areas of the U.S. 50 per cent of farm workers had had bestial experiences! Nearly all concerned were men—only three women in 100 had had such adventures.

Apart from considerations of taste and hygiene, is there any more fundamental basis for civilization's taboo against bestiality? A recent report from two doctors working in Mississippi suggests that there may be. These doctors, Holden and Sherline, tell of a 42-year-old woman, 20 weeks pregnant, who sought medical help, complaining of feeling dizzy and faint. On being questioned she admitted to having had intercourse with her Alsatian dog some 20 minutes previously!

It emerged that this was the third time it had happened (always in the missionary position, not the more predictable canine position). The doctors diagnosed an allergy reaction,

Next year is the 200th anniversary of the flushing watercloset. Cummings' Patent Office specification No 1105 heralded a new era in privies, but there was a delay of nearly a century before drainage was adequate to take advantage of it.

and investigation proved that the source of the allergy was canine semen. The doctors conclude that the woman's first two couplings sensitized her, and the third triggered off an ordinary allergic response.

This is the first time such an allergy has been recorded—hardly surprising when you consider the rarity of the event, let alone the rarity of seeking medical advice afterwards. It does, however, provide a firm medical basis for the objection to bestiality. The allergy reaction could of course increase in severity with repeated acts of intercourse, eventually reaching a fatal level.

Balls is the traditional nickname of people surnamed Avery or Ivory. It's derived from the fact that billiard balls were made from ivory.

BUY ME AND STOP ONE

With medical advice and supplies on offer from the Health Service, this is a promising year for the British contraceptive industry. Here is the first of a series of Alpha reports by *Raymond Palmer*, whose investigations showed that the traditional sheath is still the market leader.

According to the Office of Population, Censuses & Surveys, there are 11,062,000 women of child-bearing age in the United Kingdom. Since about 2 million of these are either pregnant or infertile at any one time, that leaves about 9 million women “at risk,” as the medical profession puts it. An average of one act of sexual intercourse per week for 9 million women would total 468 million acts per year. Add in acts of sexual intercourse by women outside child-bearing age, and the total could probably be rounded up to about 500 million acts of sexual intercourse annually.

But it is the women “at risk” and their sexual partners who form the potential market for the contraceptive business. Of these 9 million couples, about 3 million use the sheath (or condom or rubber protective). About 2.5 million of the women are on the pill. About 2.75 million couples use no contraceptive device at all, relying on the withdrawal (coitus interruptus) method or the rhythm or “safe period” method. And the remaining 750,000 use some other form of contraceptive such as spermicides, Dutch cap or diaphragm with spermicidal cream or jelly, or the coil or IUD (Intra-uterine device) inserted into the womb.

Based on our estimate of an average of one weekly coupling, the 3 million men using sheaths would use a total of around 156 million annually. That this figure is not so far off the mark is shown by the fact that in 1960, when it went public, offering its shares on the stock exchange, the factory of LR Industries (the Durex people) on the outskirts of London was working three shifts daily and producing 1,050,000 gross of sheaths annually—that is, just over 151 million. Rounding up the figure and

PARTICLES PERSONALITY

Micky Most is a name you come across in the credits lists on bestselling LPs. During his 20 years in pop music he has been responsible for producing records with a sale totalling more than 200 million, including hits by Lulu, Donovan, and Herman's Hermits. He once worked with the Rolling Stones, and now heads his own RAK Records, which handles Suzi Quatro, Cosey Powell and Sweet. As a top producer (with a custom-built Porsche lately completed for him in Germany), Most is a star behind stars, and an authoritative guide to what's happening in pop just now . . .

Most: People say music doesn't seem to be heading anywhere in particular today. They forget the music business is very wide, and covers all sorts of sounds. There are a lot of small record companies catering for special tastes. When Atlantic Records started off they concentrated on jazz-blues, and they couldn't give their records away! Now they're one of the largest companies in the world. There are lots of developments in music all the time. When a group like the Beatles changes the direction of music then everyone knows about it because they're in the public eye. But there are hundreds of other groups making interesting sounds that the public never hears. And I can understand this. Most people work all day and have only about 25 minutes to spare to listen to music. So they don't want to be confused. They want to relax into the music. That's why they go for the more “popular” type of record. The young heads don't go out and buy The Carpenters or Max Bygraves, yet these albums have been sitting at the top of the charts for weeks. What it amounts to is that there are two streams of record-buyers in this country—those who want the “light classical” type of popular music and those who are really into sounds. I make records for the mass audience—the teenagers and teeny-boppers, and don't really want to do anything else. I'm in business for one reason: to make a profit and to enjoy myself. If I can do both then I'm really living.

Is talent enough nowadays, or does success hinge on image?

Image and sound are linked, but I always go for the sound in the first place. I find a good sound and then go to work on the image, because a new artist hasn't got an image yet. It can take a hell of a long time. I first heard Suzi Quatro in Detroit and I brought her across here, but we worked on her for a year



before launching her records. I look for something different, but I mean good music or an individual approach, not guys dressing up in women's clothes.

Isn't the transvestite touch part of the image?

I don't see sex as fitting into the image in my market. It can't, when you remember I'm selling to a lot of eight- and nine-year-old kids. Most kids like that lead pretty boring lives, and the people around them are boring, so when they see someone like David Bowie it's a trip for them—a total experience. It's like Dan Dare used to be to many who are grown-ups now. The reason why so many pop artists are multisexual is that they have to get girls and boys alike to like them. You sell more records that way. The pop stars of today don't have a sex. David Bowie is just David Bowie. You don't think of them as having sexual characteristics. You never thought of Dan Dare or Biggles having it off—they were sexless too. I think it's a healthy trend because I don't like the idea of young kids getting involved in sex. If the girls, for example, thought a pop idol like Suzi Quatro was getting too sexy, they would be jealous. The public don't want this—they want heroes. And there are no heroes around today apart from pop stars. The way-out groups give the fans a chance to escape from their everyday routines.

What did you mean when you once said that you wanted all your acts to

have a "gutter sound"?

Every successful act is close to the people, and that means close to the streets. The trouble with a lot of acts is that when they become successful they move into big houses, buy Rolls-Royces and so on. When this happens they also move away from what it's all about. If you can stay in the gutter then you'll always be a success. But I'd like to qualify that by saying there are two types of musicians. One group likes to play music for themselves—jazz is a good example of this. The other type likes to play for large audiences. With the mob-appeal act the kind of music played doesn't really matter so much. The Rolling Stones are a perfect example of a successful group who are also mob-orientated. They have remained the same all the time they have been playing.

Why are there so many American groups in Britain at present?

They have the mistaken idea that they can make it here, and then bounce back to the States on a wave of success over here. That used to be true, but now things are changing. The most important thing when you make a record—and this applies to any country—is to get air-play, or time on radio and television. The Americans seem to think that it's easier over here to get air-play. Another reason why they come to Britain is that most record companies here will sign up anything that moves, whether or not they can sing. In the

States the companies are much more particular.

How did you get involved in the record business?

Most:

I've always been interested in music and when I left school at 15 there was only one thing I thought of doing—getting into the music business as soon as possible. But in those days it was difficult. So I became a musician for a while. I played with the Shadows before they joined Cliff Richard. I went to South Africa for four years, where I learned about producing. I found the whole backroom aspect of the business fascinating. So I worked at it. It took years before I could get my own label, but it's worth it. When you make it in this business you can see tangible benefits—a big house, a nice car and so on. I enjoy these things but I get tired of defending my success. If I've worked for it why shouldn't I reap the benefits? If I could afford it I'd have a private jet plane.

Are you a father-figure to your acts?

Not really, I only create a certain aspect of the artistes. There's a big difference between making records and making artistes. To make a star you've got to work on image. When most musicians start out in the business they need help and I'm in a position to give it to them. After the image is created the music follows naturally—if it's good. Very few groups can manage on their own, even after they become successful. I've just started managing acts—Suzi Quatro and The Arrows—and there are so many wrinkles you've got to know about. Sometimes the group can become bigger than the manager. That's what happened in the case of Brian Epstein, who managed The Beatles. I think they were probably the reason that Epstein killed himself. Had he never met them, he'd still be alive today.

Why do so many pop performers take drugs?

I've been in this business now for 20 years and to date I haven't come across any serious drug problem among my acts. As far as marijuana is concerned I don't really see anything wrong with it—when I was in South Africa everyone smoked pot like cigarettes. The basic point about drugtaking is that if you're weak you'll go under with drugs. And I don't like to think that any of my acts are that weak.

Have you achieved all you want to do in your business?

Not by a long way! I've still got a hell of a lot to learn. I'm always looking for ways to improve my records. You see, I don't really like them. I wouldn't buy them. I make them for a specific market and my own musical taste is much more advanced. My only object is to make records that will sell. I know what the teenagers want now, I can feel what they feel—and I think I'll still be the same as long as I live. **Ω**

PARTICLES

putting Britain's annual consumption at about 160 million, we can infer that LR Industries, who have 90 per cent of the market, was supplying about 144 million, the balance of 16 million being met by other suppliers, mainly imported from overseas.

The retail value of this section of the contraceptive market would be £15 million. This figure is approximate because condoms sell at a wide range of prices, even for identical products. It depends on how they are packed,

The Devil's penis is probably the most widely described organ on record. Unfortunately the evidence is contradictory. According to depositions of witnesses in witchcraft trials it was, variously, pointed and snakelike, made of horn, two feet long, no bigger than a finger, scaly, cold as ice, and forked like a serpent's tongue.

where they are purchased, and how many are purchased at one time, and so on. The Ann Summers mail order catalogue, for example, listed 34 different brands, types or styles, ranging in price from 5p to 57½p each. As R. Ross-Turner, Communications Service Manager of LR Industries Ltd., put it: "There's no such thing as an average price for a protective sheath because they vary so much in price. We do not set a recommended price for our products."

Retail mark-ups and profit margins, however, are very high, often up to 150 per cent or more. This gives retailers plenty of leeway to cut prices, make special offers or offer large discounts for quantity purchases. Ten years ago it was calculated that there were 7,000 retail outlets for contraceptives in England and Wales. Some 5,000 of these were chemists' shops, with barbers' shops, clinics and surgical stores making up the remainder. Since then, however, the Pharmaceutical Society has eased its strictures on its members selling contraceptives. In a pronouncement on professional conduct in 1951, it stated: "The Council are of the opinion that the only satisfactory course is for no indication either direct or indirect to be given at any pharmacy that contraceptives are sold there and they invite support for this policy from the membership." In a new code of conduct issued in 1970, however, the question is covered more circumspectly by paragraph 5, which states: "The appearance of premises must reflect the professional image of pharmacy." There is no direction on the display of contraceptives. It seems that birth control is now accepted by the society, provided the display of contraceptives or advertising material is discreet and not blatant.

Boots the Chemists, with 1,347 shops throughout the country, did not sell male contraceptives before 1966 but then changed its policy. Now they are displayed discreetly but

not offered on self-service sections. As a result of changes like these, there are probably around 11,000 to 12,000 retail outlets for contraceptives in Britain today. Public acceptance of the industry and its products has reached the point where supermarket chains are considering whether to offer condoms and spermicidal film along with the detergents, toothpaste and razor blades.

The rubber sheath came on to the market about 100 years ago. The first specimens, moulded from sheet crepe, had a seam throughout their length. Seamless sheaths arrived just before the end of the century, produced by dipping glass formers into the rubber solution.

One of the earliest firms to manufacture rubber sheaths in England was Lamberts (Dalston) Ltd, of London, established in 1877, which is still in business today. In the 1880s this company and others used the solution-dip process and vulcanisation by exposure to sulphur dioxide gas not only for the manufacture of sheaths but also for the majority of diaphragms and pessaries.

The latex sheath was a development of the early 1930s, the glass formers being dipped into stabilized liquid latex (the sap of the rubber tree suspended in water, concentrated by evaporation and stabilised by ammonia), and the sheaths cured by dipping the latex-covered formers into hot water.

Next month: Origins of the sheath. . .

EROTIC SURREALIST

Erotic artist Patrick Hughes says that he can't draw, but he has his own methods for producing a picture. "I'm an ideas man and I see a finished piece of work in the mind. If it involves a naked woman, I buy a picture of a naked woman, photograph it and project it on a screen. Then I can draw round it. For more complicated ideas I call on artist friends who'll draw to order for a few pounds." Hughes' unorthodox method evidently works, as he has pictures hanging in the Tate Gallery.

His art is erotic surrealism—"but it wouldn't arouse anyone like a pornographic book. It's all in the mind, just as Dali's magnificent erotica is in the mind. Most modern painters portray sexual fantasy." But Hughes believes that erotic art in the sexy '70s is pretty half-hearted stuff, not much of an advance on the "surge of pseudo sex" in the '60s. "So-called permissive artists like Andy Warhol lacked humour and imagination. The real sexual revolutionaries were the surrealists, who believed in liberation on all fronts. They wanted

When Police Constable Eric George told detectives how he came to bash his Swedish wife on the head with his truncheon and then strangle her, he remarked: "Have you ever had one of those days when everything goes wrong?"

alpha BAZAAR

To help advertisers on low budgets, we introduce a page for small semi-display announcements at special rates. Smallest space available is ¼-column (1½in deep) at £12 per insertion. Next comes ½-column (2½in deep) at £23 per insertion. Half-columns are £45, but discounts are available for series insertions. For full particulars apply to the Advertisement Manager, J. Crockford, c/o BCM-Alphabetic, London WC1V 6XX (telephone 01-807 7905). Note: All semi-displays must be prepaid unless booked by an advertising agency.

TURN HIM ON!!!

Exciting lingerie. See Photo. You can have the complete set for just **£5.35**. Many other sexy items available in our full colour brochure (see below). ALSO—

STIMULANT VIBRATOR c/w Batteries for a fabulous massage **only £3.50!**

8 FRENCH TICKLERS. Uniquely shaped condoms **only £2.25 !!!**

NON DOCTOR. The world's most advanced vibrator with 4 interchangeable heads **only £4.95 !!!**

STALLION CREAM for hot males—A delaying cream **only £3.00 !!!**

PAN HEAT CREAM A Super stimulant for men **only £3.00 !!!**

VITAMIN E CAPSULES Rejuvenating pills for both **only £1.00 !!!**

AQUAMAID BREAST FIRMER. For uplift and firming breasts. **only £7.00 !!!**

ANGEL'S DELIGHT c/w with battery and control—a vaginal stimulant for women who want everything—and more **only £4.95 !!!**



NIPPLE CREAM. For hardening the nipples **only £2.00 !!!**

Full colour catalogue incl. more products **just 10p**

THE HOUSE OF PAN (A), COMMERCE HOUSE, WATER ORTON, BIRMINGHAM B46 1RR (Confidence assured)

to overthrow the sexual system as they saw it, and they thought the political system too was part of sexual repression. But after them came a whole series of hippy and drippy paintings by artists whose sexual pictures weren't tough enough. And it's still the same now. Today's permissiveness is weaker and wetter than the surrealists envisaged."

There's nothing weak or wet about Hughes' own approach to erotica. Once when he and his wife, writer Molly Parkin, wanted to give a

BRING THIS ALONG & SAVE
5% DISCOUNT

the massage

available 24 hours-a-day



Massage of London
47 Bedford Street
Strand London WC2

ring today
ring now

ring 01-240 2748

HYPNOSIS

Anyone can learn this amazing science. Can be used for the treatment of sexual repressions, frigidity, shyness, nerves. Develop your power to control others, subject need not know that she is being hypnotised. All successful Salesmen, Politicians etc, know this power & use it. This easy to follow, step by step course will show you how to harness this power in you to make unbelievable changes in your life. Complete course of instruction £2 Post paid, sent in plain cover

SELF HYPNOSIS AND AUTO SUGGESTION

Also available, this course of Self Hypnosis can add to your personal power & magnetism. By mastering the simple techniques of this course, you can increase your income, improve your position & your ability for living & loving. This complete step by step course £2 Post paid, or both courses £3. Descriptive leaflet 3½p stamp

TRS PUBLICATIONS
P.O. Box 23, Hoddesdon, Herts

Fashions for Love...

from **spartus** with Love!

STRIPTease

Sensational one-piece playsuit in sheerest nylon. Completely open front (but for those 2 tiny buttons!). Choose Lilac/Black. Flame/Black or Midnight Blue. Bust sizes 32"-38" £3.39.

FESTIVAL

Simply sybaritic French knickers in sensuous shiny satin trimmed with luxurious black lace. Choose Blue or Black. Fit up to 40" hip. £2.65

NIGHTCLUB

Scandalously decadent scanty set comprising provocative 1-cup platform bra, sexy suspender belt & adorable panties (all in navy or white silky nylon) plus long, sheer, black stockings. State bust, waist, hips & stocking size. £4.50

MIRANDA

(left) Arriest possible Bikini in black wet-look cire nylon. W. size. £4.89

YOLANDE (right)

Bold bra & brief set in shiny orange satin with saucy black fringes. Bust 34"-38". £3.16

OPEN-FRONT BRIEFS

Sheer nylon, exquisitely lace-trimmed. Red, Lilac or Black. £1.04

OPEN-FRONT TIGHTS

Sheer delight in sheer stretch nylon. Black or Nude shade. 3 pairs for £1.73

spartus for men

TIM BRIEFS

So tiny they will fit inside a matchbox! Silky nylon or sheer see-thru nylon. White or Black. Sizes: S, M & L. 3-pair pack, £2.53

VULCAN BRIEFS

Shaped hipsters in 40-denier nylon with firm 1-inch waistband. Black or White. Sizes: S, M & L. 2-pair pack, £1.95

Please add p. & p. 15p. on all orders.

Full-colour intimate fashions catalogue FREE with every order. For catalogue only, send 25p.

spartus

(Dept. AL 8), 126 Brixton Hill, London, SW2. Callers welcome

VISITING MASSAGE SERVICE MARINA QUILLAN

Qualified Masseuse
By Appointment Only
Telephone:
01-821 1206

**anne
coult's
sauna**

and massage for men

Phone 01-486 6482
55 Blandford St W1
Under the personal supervision of
Anne Coult S.R.N. O.N.C. D.Phys

Smallest private Sauna/Massage house in London.

AMERICAN EXPRESS
ACCESS and
BARCLAYCARD
ACCEPTED

FREE SAMPLES!

6 French Ticklers	£2.00
20 Naturform	£3.00
30 Nuform or Fetherlite	£2.20
48 Durex Gossamer	£2.20
24 U.S.A. Black Cats	£2.50
24 Japanese Skins	£2.60
24 Gold Knights	£2.20
International Selection Box	£2.20

WARWICK SUPPLIES (A), Commerce House,
Water Orton, Birmingham B46 1RR
Return this advert with order for
FREE SAMPLES worth 50p

SEXUAL DIFFICULTIES

... then be careful not to take so called aphrodisiacs that could be harmful or useless. An important new booklet written by a famous Consulting Herbalist explains in vivid detail impotency and all the sexual difficulties which trouble men and women - and explains how they may be quickly and safely overcome. A copy (in plain wrapper) sent to you at once for 10p.

FAMOUS HERBAL MEDICINAL STIMULANTS

that are safe and effective

Yellow Emperor Drops	£3.50 per flask
Black Pearls (tablets)	£3.10 per 100
Damiana (Pure herb)	£1.15 per packet
Vivacity Drops (for women)	£1.15 per flask
60 minute stimulators	50p per 10

All products sent
post and packing
free with formula
and instructions
for use.



DEPT. A.
THE WESSEX HERBALIST LTD.
FLORAL HALL, SPRING ROAD,
BOURNEMOUTH, HANTS.



POWER BIKES

£2000!

TODAY'S TOP TWO-WHEELERS WON'T LEAVE YOU MUCH CHANGE FROM TWO-GRAND
BY PETER WATSON



Car-type dashboard of BMW's £1,850 R90S has full complement of dials and warning lights. Opposite: Honda Four 900cc, a Dresda conversion as ridden in the Barcelona 24-hour race last month by Dresda Autos' proprietor, Dave Degens, seen aboard.

Patrick Lichfield, prosperous photographer cousin of the Queen, gets about these days on his new 900cc BMW R90S. When His Royal Highness Prince Albert of the Belgians tours Europe with a friend they go on enormous Kawasaki machines, four-cylinder Z1 models. Comedian Dick Emery bestrides a 750cc Honda Four, and Sir Ralph Richardson and Jon ("Dr Who") Pertwee both admit to being bike freaks. Peter Prior, dynamic chairman of Bulmer's, the cider people, bought the first 900cc Z1 to reach England—and if his shareholders were aware of the lap times he puts up on the track they'd have coronaries to a man. Prior also keeps a 500cc Honda Four for his wife and a trail bike for his sons.

Socially the motorcycle has arrived. But it isn't the machine it used to be in the days of *The Wild Ones*, when ton-up

kids inspired by Brando and Marvin did their workouts down the A5 to the Busy Bee, and there were stories of Hell's Angels biting the heads off pigeons preparatory to raping every *Sunday People* reporter in sight. Today's superbike is more powerful, quieter, easier to ride—and it can cost you more than a presentable car. Top rate is the new MV Augusta 750SS at £2,500.

What makes anyone spend that kind of money on a machine that is still heir to many of the drawbacks that gave the cheap car the edge in the 1930s? The motorcycle is still miserable in the wet, and it's decidedly anti-social in any weather but the best. Is she going to lean forward and nuzzle your neck on a freezing cold November night? Not unless you've got something very very special, friend. I can recall losing all sensation in

my fingertips for a whole week after a lunatic ride of 200-odd miles one New Year's night. But on today's congested highways the motorbike is the only means of locomotion that brings you into intimate contact with the elements and frees you from the safety-belted crawl. Perhaps too it's an instinctive substitute for the wild untamed state, now lost, where it was every man's right to live dangerously, and where every road was the open road.

Then there are the rewards for your ego. I've had people lean out of their cars in the rush hour, gaze in awe at the £1,800 worth of expensive machinery of the BMW R90S I was on, and say: "Superb, simply superb." Garage attendants collapse when you tell them how far you've come in the past hour. And envy gleams in the eyes of drivers of so-called sports

POWER BIKES

cars as they spot you come hurtling up behind, flashing for them to move over. MGBs, Lotus Europas, Ferrari Dinos? You can outperform them all on the right motorcycle, if you've got the neck for it.

With a capacity of 750cc or more, the modern muscle bike has usually at least three cylinders, like Triumph Trident, Laverda 1000, Kawasaki H2, and Suzuki GT750. Some have four, like Honda's 500 and 750 Four, Kawasaki Z1, and MV Augusta; and Benelli tops them all with a fabulous straight six. More cylinders mean less mechanical noise and a ride free of the most tiring vibratory tingles—though the shaft-drive BMW with its horizontally-opposed flat twin was never troubled with that anyway.

Many superbikes have pushbutton electric starters—Laverdas and Guzzis have given up kickstarts altogether. Other refinements include sophisticated suspension systems, five- or six-speed gearboxes, and massive disc-brakes. Suzuki uses watercooling on its two-stroke GT750, instead of the noisier air cooling. Two-stroke engines, which run on a mix-

ture of petrol and oil, now do their own mixing with no aid from the rider. Another advance in engines is that they can hold their liquor at last—the crankcase no longer weeps oil on to the drive or, worse, you. This is usually because the join is now arranged horizontally instead of vertically.

All these are technical advances towards car-type reliability and horsepower, and service standards have had to take an upward lurch to keep up. Obviously it's a rare owner who'll have either the inclination or the expertise to synchronize a bank of four carburettors or overhaul the Mitsubishi capacitive-discharge electronic ignition system found on Kawasaki's H2. So service is slowly catching up—led by BMW dealers—with norms set in the rest of the automotive world.

The development of sophisticated troublefree and prestigious machinery has contributed to the steady spread of motorbike ownership. This year in the UK, registrations of new two-wheelers overtook new-car registrations for the first time, and a large proportion of these were superbikes. Styling too has played a part. It used to consist of covering the machines with armadillo-like enclosures of sheet steel in the hope that this "weatherproofing" would lure the motorist from his warm little hutch. All it did

was to make maintenance more of a tiresome chore for the enthusiast.

Then came the Japanese invasion of the early '60s, which swept most of the British motorcycle industry away, leaving only Norton-Villiers-Triumph standing in its wake. Well, kneeling in its wake, if we are to believe some reports. The Japanese used to pour chrome and enamel over their amazingly rapid machines like cranberry sauce over Thanksgiving turkey. But today the look is predominantly restrained without being drab. The new owner can sink into his saddle, glancing down at the wide, wide engine and its maze of exhaust plumbing, to see before him a comprehensive instrument layout which may even contain a digital readout of which gear he's in. Power oozes from every pore of the machine, and he's the guy in control.

Or is he? Power outputs have rocketed skywards, along with maximum speeds (the Kawasaki Z1, rated at 82 bhp, does 132mph). Standing-start quarter-mile times have gone down to 12 seconds for standard machines in the hands of experienced riders. And this is part of the attraction and fascination. Despite the advances in tyre and brake technology you still need a whole brainful of experience to handle all the power on tap. Many riders will never utilize their machines' full potential because they can't do so safely. The first time I gave a Kawasaki H2—a three-cylinder two-stroke noted for its poor road manners—its head off the line, the front wheel left the deck and didn't stop pawing the air until we were in third gear. Exhilarating and just a little bit frightening. The modern muscle bike doesn't just require well-developed biceps, it needs a cool head to enjoy the challenge which all this power presents.

When you climb off your steed, you match its finish in a one-piece leather suit. You can get them in almost any shade or combination of colours, tailored skintight to cheat the wind and emphasize your physique. With perhaps your name stitched in leather on the back, just like race-stars Agostini and Read, topped off by a total-enclosure helmet in your own paint scheme. Just who is that guy behind the smoked visor, some chick is sure to think.

If you buy a powerful motorcycle today you know that you're getting a whole lot of mystique with it. This is the virility symbol par excellence and it won't go unnoticed. Eco-freak girlfriends may even be convinced that the motorcycle, when compared to the despised car, is really acceptable. But don't tell her how much four-star it guzzles; 40mpg can be good mileage. Behind you the manufacturers are building up your image with lines like



"I'll have to ring off—something's come up!"

"Are you ready for the Kawasaki Z1?", and "Get Outa Town" (Honda), and BMW's "Superstar" advertising gambits.

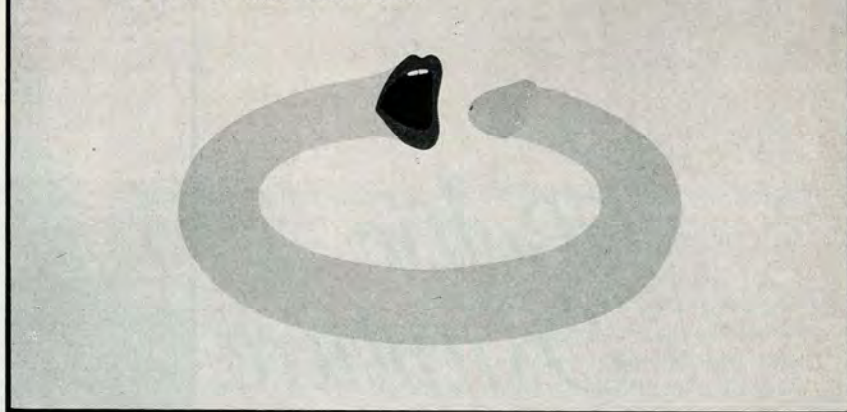
As the car draws greater and greater fire the image of the motorcycle is even changing for officialdom. For years British motorcyclists have had to put up with a series of laws aimed at the very being of the industry by anti-bike civil servants. Accident figures were cooked by using outdated statistics and ludicrously low annual mileage figures, thereby boosting accident-per-mile data. Armed with these piles of nonsense successive Ministers hit motorcyclists with legislation making the wearing of helmets compulsory and banishing 16-year-olds to foreign mopeds against all European trends. Now the attitude is being modified as the market booms and the voice of responsible motorcycling gets louder. (Those mountains of imported mopeds haven't exactly helped the balance of payments situation, either.)

Today's motorcycle image is one of fun, fun, fun, coupled with the attractions of the great outdoors. Because in the States the fastest-growing sector isn't in powerful customized Cafe Racers, but in off-road machines to take you off into the blue yonder while it's still there. Here the off-road explosion has been dampened by lack of the necessary open spaces. But the big thing is still to have something a little different from the rest of the crush. It used to be choppers, psychedelic moto-art on two wheels, following on the success of *Easy Rider*. Now it's the production superbikes, or something a little stronger, like a bespoke Cafe Racer.

This is where you can really show your own individuality by going to one of the British firms which specialize in making a good thing perfect. The best of both worlds is available in a Dresda-converted Suzuki GT 750. Take one production Suzuki engine, put it in a far superior Dresda frame, add rear-set foot controls, lower handlebars, a short fairing and tinted screen, and larger fuel tank. Then tweak the engine mildly by altering the jetting in the carburettors. Result: a machine that is far lighter, accelerates more quickly, handles superbly and will reach 130mph with no fuss. Looks like a million dollars, costs around £1,400.

It may well be that the current rise of the big thirsty superbike will prove to be just another phase in the history of this sporting mode of locomotion. But it is difficult to see the motorcycle ever again becoming the reviled adjunct of the disadvantaged and eccentric. Once you've experienced the true excitement and exhilaration of hurling a superbike towards some distant horizon, life can never be the same again. **Ω**

PARTICLES



Erotic painting by Patrick Hughes. He believes in the saying: "Astonish us!"

12 party he had a large screen painted to depict a wild orgy. Then he cut holes in the picture ("We got the idea of it from a load of dirty books we bought in Soho") for guests to put their heads through. "We took Polaroid pictures, so that people could see themselves apparently having a frantic orgy. The screen was a sort of Dirty Dyptich, and it was weird the effect it had on the guests. Some guys found it exciting to see their heads on women's bodies and vice versa. It was all a sexual joke in the mind."

Hughes thinks erotic art should follow Cocteau's dictum "Astonish us!" His own sexual drawings, he says, reflect the "paradoxical sex of the relationship an individual has with himself or herself, an area only recently explored in books like *Portnoy's Complaint*."

BACHELOR CHOW

It's cheating a bit to have a recipe contributed by Robert Carrier. After all, he may be a bachelor but he's also restaurateur and celebrated cook. Still, where can you go for a more reliable blowout? Carrier says that for his own taste he prefers simple dishes like "quiche filled with mushroom along with baked potatoes," but here he suggests something more elaborate to impress. It's one of the meals he describes in his latest book *The Robert Carrier Cookery Course* (W. H. Allen, £8). To reassure the diffident, Carrier tells us: "Cooking is easy, wonderfully easy."

Anthropologists report the frequency of coitus among native tribes as follows. The Keraki of New Guinea, once a week; Crow Indians of North America, every night; the Ifugao of the Philippines, several times a night. Most active of all is an East African tribe at 10 times a night. The tribe is called the Shagga.

MELON WITH PORT (meal serves four)

Ingredients:

- 1 ripe melon
- sugar (optional)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint white port

Method: Using a sharp knife with a thin point, cut a plug about $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter from the melon at the stem end, slanting the knife slightly towards the centre to taper the plug. Then take a large spoon with a long handle and scoop out all the seeds. Taste the melon, and if it is not sweet enough, sprinkle a little caster sugar inside. Pour port into melon and replace plug. Put a layer of cracked ice at the bottom of a large bowl. Set the melon on top; cover with foil and chill for several hours. To serve—scoop out the flesh with a large serving spoon and make sure everyone has some of the port.

FRENCH PORK ROAST

Ingredients:

- 1 loin of pork, about 2lb.
- 4 level tablespoons softened butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ level tablespoons French mustard
- 1 bay leaf, crumbled
- $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon dried thyme
- salt and freshly ground black pepper

Method: Preheat oven to 450°F or Mark 8. With sharp knife, cut rind off loin as neatly as possible. Cut off fat to leave the meat with an even layer of fat about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Make incisions all over the joint about 1 in. deep. Blend butter with French mustard, crumbled bay leaf and thyme. Season pork with salt and pepper and spread with the mustard butter, making sure it goes deep into the incisions. Roast for 90 minutes, lowering the heat to 300°F (Mark 2) after the first 15 minutes.

RASPBERRY PUREE

Ingredients:

- 2 punnets fresh raspberries
- 2-3 tablespoons lemon juice
- 2-3 level teaspoons
- icing sugar

Method: Wash fresh raspberries and rub through a fine sieve (or puree in an electric blender and then rub through sieve). Flavour to taste with lemon juice and icing sugar. Chill. **Ω**

Baltic Rapture



PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. FLODQVIST

The camera captures the beauty of passion, as two lovers yield to the eternal longings of youthful curiosity and devotion



Lotta, who is 18, has been going around with her boyfriend for two years now. As they are both Swedes their relationship became a sexual one soon after they met at a youth club in Uppsala, where Kjell was studying languages at the university. "He was my first real boyfriend", says Lotta, a fragile

blonde with small, delicate features. "I wasn't a virgin at the time, but before Kjell it had all been childish experimenting." The pair hit it off at once and are now such inseparable companions that they take it for granted they will eventually marry, though they never talk about it. "Marriage is a formality",





Baltic Rapture



says Kjell. "There may come a time for it, for example if there were children to consider, but just now neither of us needs the protection of the law, thank you." Lotta lives at home with her parents and two sisters, but she and Kjell holiday together and Kjell often stays at her home. "When he comes here he shares my bedroom, of course", says Lotta. "It's only natural. My family all know that we're lovers, so why pretend?" Lotta has been on the pill since she was 16 and believes she was one of the last of her friends to take it up. Soon afterwards she met Kjell, "so I never had a chance to be promiscuous". As for Kjell, he





Baltic Rapture

was already pretty experienced—he's 22 now—and he admits to having a roving eye still. "But I tell Lotta all the comparisons work out in her favour, which is true. Sure, I sometimes fancy a more voluptuous girl than Lotta and she knows I've 'succumbed to temptation' once or twice, but those are just incidents. Lotta is special." Lotta sings his praises too. "I know I don't have too much to go by, but I can't imagine a more exciting man in bed. He seems to care more about my pleasure than his own. And what makes it such fun is that I never know when the mood is going to take him. Once when we'd volunteered to do the washing-up at home because the others were going out, he got turned on by my apron. He insisted on going into me and staying like that while we finished all the crocks! I was weak with anticipation by then, and we both collapsed on to the cushions of the dinette bench." Ω







The Luck Of A QUEEN'S DRAGOON

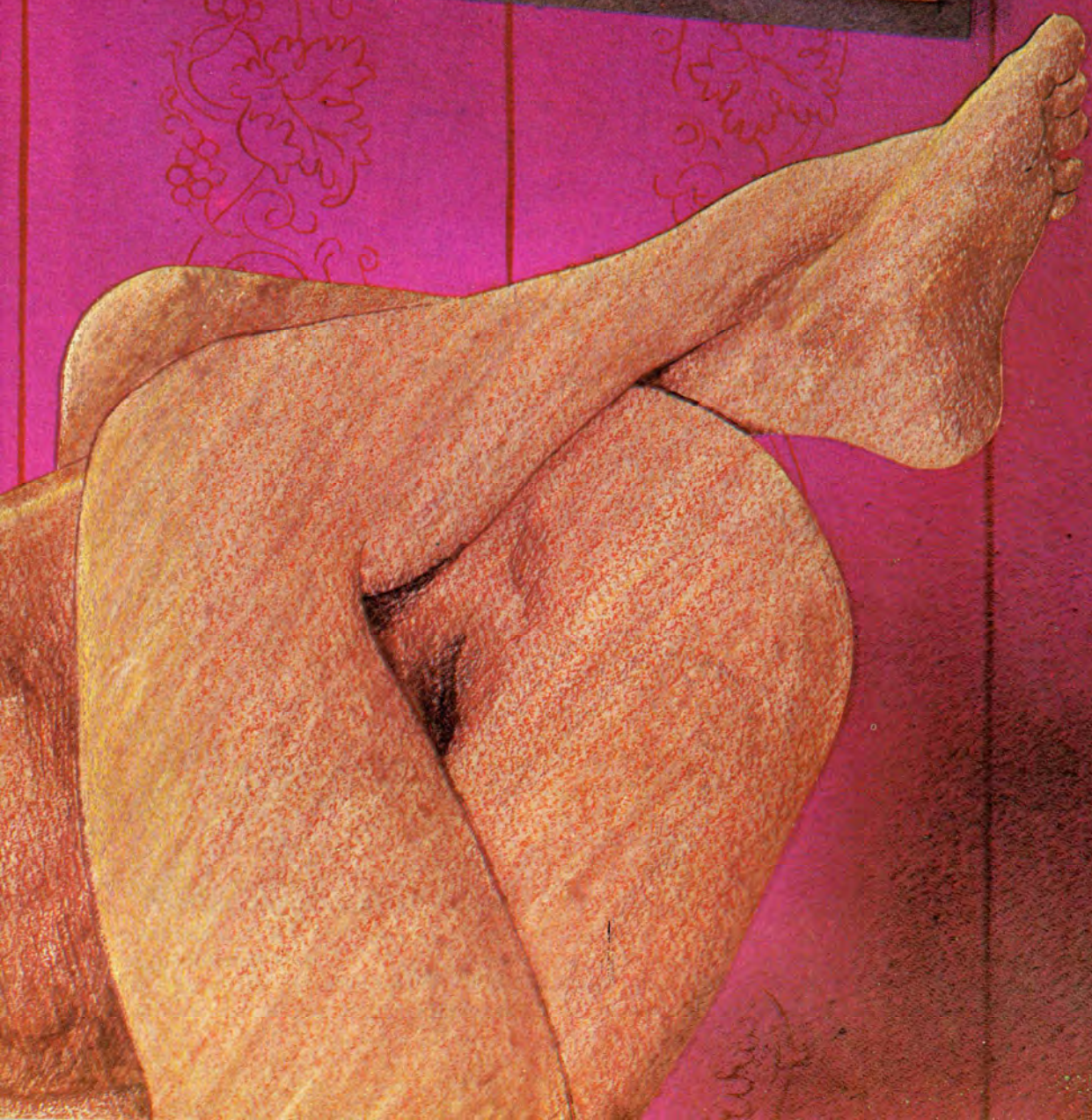
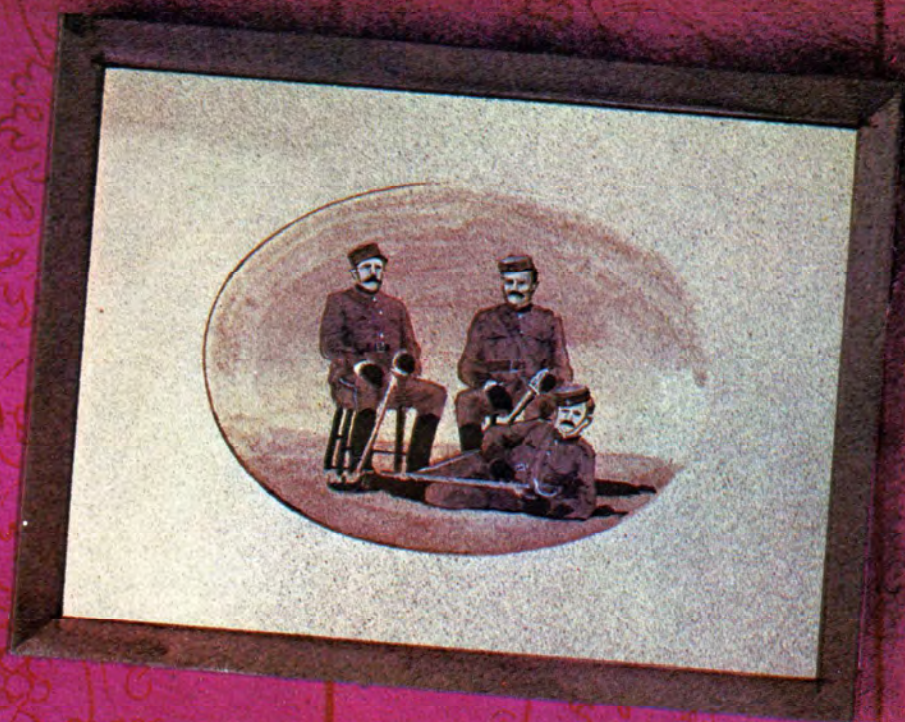
OR JANET'S FORFEIT - AN EPISODE
FROM A VICTORIAN EROTIC NOVEL,
AUTHOR UNKNOWN, PUBLISHED IN
PARIS, 1904, BY CHARLES CARRINGTON
FOR THE SOCIETY OF PRIVATE BIBLIO-
PHILES: "BEING THE AMOROUS &
MILITARY ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN
CHARLES D-----."

It was dark by the time Jack, Algy, and I got up to town from the Aldershot depot, dark and foggy. Street lamps shone liked blurred haloes up Regent Street and down the Haymarket, and the wet pavements reflected the harsh glare of the gas. That night saw the beginning of our adventure. We were sitting in Algy's rooms in the Albany, drinking hock and seltzer. The rooms were set well back from that discreet, elegant façade on Piccadilly. What with the fog and the distance, all you could hear of hooves and harness was so muffled, and the rumble of wheels so deadened, that you might have sworn straw had been laid from Waterloo Place to Hyde Park Gate.

I have always found it easier to talk than write but I must tell you a thing or two about the three of us sportsmen who were plotting

27







"Yes, I used to think it was a long white stick as well."



The Luck Of A QUEEN'S DRAGOON

24

dark deeds that night. Algy was the eldest. Nearer 40 than 30, he had the dashing features which go with straight black hair, tanned complexion, a fine moustache, firm set jaw, and dark penetrating eyes. The senior captains and majors thought him a boulder. The truth was that Algy had been half-killed at Majuba in the first South African War, and had served with Wolseley in Egypt in '82 while those selfsame captains and majors were keeping their fat backsides warm at the Horse Guards or the Depot. They didn't like any man who could show them up like that.

Jack Tremaine was every inch a Queen's Dragoon. Six feet tall, fair hair, and fresh cheeks, he looked in face and figure much as he must have looked when they sacked him from Eton a dozen years before. All the regiment liked Jack for his open and honest face. Everyone knew, of course, that he was the son of the 4th Earl of Simonsbath. There was no need for us to add that Jack's mother was not the grand old Countess but a certain frisky young governess, Polly Delauney.

About 10 o'clock, Algy's man came in with two cards on the little silver tray. I had seen both our guests before, though not for a month or two. Major James was a volunteer officer who owned a family brewery in the Midlands. He was a bullet-headed fellow of 50, who had once confided to me mournfully that his wife lay cold as a corpse in bed while he toiled away at her. Small wonder that James was eager for any girl who would cry with pleasure in his arms, even if she was merely a good actress. Our second guest, Lieutenant Dickson, was hardly more than half way to 50, with the sort of fair curly hair that all girls seem to love. Being a bachelor, his ambition was to taste all that there was to be tasted before he settled himself in life.

"Time we were gathering round the old green baize," drawled our host, "if that suits you, Major, and you, Dickson."

I never knew whether Dickson and James were gamblers by nature but, like most of

Algy's guests, they never got what they wanted until they had let him take the skins off them at cards. By custom, the host is always banker on such occasions and if he intends to take his opponents for everything down to their pocket-linings he is usually well-advised to announce a modest stake to begin with. Algy put up a bank of 20 sovs, which made a bet of £5 against each of the other four of us. The pattern of the game, whenever possible, was for our two gulls to lose to Algy as the banker, then for Jack and I to win from the bank, removing suspicion from Algy. More often than not the game would end with Algy complaining that he didn't know how he would hold up till the next quarter. He did it so well that the gulls, who had lost handsomely to him if they but knew it, would go away feeling quite sorry for him and swearing he was every inch a sportsman to take a beating like that. Meanwhile, Jack, Algy and I were sharing out the night's profits.

When we had all carried our glasses to the card-table, Algy rang the bell for some fresh playing cards. This time I knew it would not be his manservant who answered. I wondered how Algy had succeeded in smuggling a girl into Albany at this time of night, for it is an exclusively male establishment. When the door opened I recognized our newcomer from some of Algy's summer escapades. She was a girl of 23 or 24 whose name was Janet Bond and whom he spoke of as the toast of the Tivoli stage-door johnnies. I hardly believed this for I had encountered her, twice, as one of the girls in a masseuse's establishment in Cranbourn Street. Her soft features and pretty freckles were all the more appealing for the apparent timidity in her dark eyes. The gaslight caught the lustre of her dark-brown hair, which she wore in a helmet shape round her head with the remainder in a neat top-knot.

There are few men who are not moved to randiness by a figure of Janet's kind, for she had that provoking plumpness which still retains its youthful elasticity. Major James was in no doubt of this, for the girl still wore a white silk tunic and a pair of blue breeches which fitted her as closely as any ballet-girl's tights but without a ballet-skirt to conceal her charms.

Janet must have cloaked herself well to deceive the porter, for the swelling bubbies under her tunic made two lovely globes of white silk. For all their fullness, Janet's breasts had the pertness of an 18-year-old, her nipples peeping upwards, hard with excitement, through the almost transparent silk. Major James was clutching the edge of the table so hard that his knuckles went white.

As she stood before us our eyes naturally followed the close fit of the blue breeches between her legs, where instead of a trooper's massive cods there was the smooth curve of a girl's pleasure path running from her navel through the close arch of her thighs. Algy ordered her to fetch six packs of cards and once the girl had gone about her errand, James and Dickson asked in a chorus who

she might be. Algy smiled at them.

"One of our own girls. Her husband was corporal of horse. Died of typhus in the Sudan on Kitchener's campaign."

"A widow?" Major James asked, as if he could hardly believe his good fortune. "And she so young."

Janet reappeared and walked quickly to Algy. "Here's the cards, sir," she said in the soft but knowing voice of Hoxton. She was the accomplice of Algy, Jack, and I in the game.

The girl was most attentive to Major James, who could hardly sit still in his chair for turning to catch glimpses of her. Later on, in passing behind his chair, she let one of her firm little nipples in its silken sheath brush the back of his bald head. I daresay everyone knows that in baccarat, where the cards you hold must add up to nine as near as possible, you don't ask for another card if your first two come to five or more, for if you do you will most probably pass nine and lose the hand. Now, the Major had drawn a four and two, making six, when Janet's soft bubbie began to tease him. He began to stutter a bit and, having to say something, asked for another card. It proved to be a five. Almost the worst possible thing. So the Major lost 10 yellow-boys to Algy's pair of cards, but what with the champagne, and his pretty Hoxton urchin-girl almost fondling him, he seemed to neither know nor care.

When she leaned across to take his dead cigar and replace it with a Corona-Corona, her bubbies hung an inch or two from his purple nose. Algy, Jack, and I pretended to look elsewhere. The Major slid his fingers tremblingly over the girl's supple breast while his eyes stared up at her pretty face as if he could have sunk his teeth into her. Janet let her breath come with a tremor and she started backwards, pretending a struggle to control her own randy urges. It was well acted.

In half-an-hour the Major lost another 20 sovs to Algy, including five that Algy let him win back only to lose once more. Lieutenant Dickson had won a little, though not too much, as had Jack and I. As the clock chimed two, I made it 30 that Jack and I had won between us, while the bank had won 20 so far and stood at 40 sovereigns.

It seemed by two in the morning that the Major was drunk enough to try whatever came into his head. As Janet leaned over the table to fill Dickson's glass, she seemed accidentally to present the Major with her broad young backside in its fullest extent. His hand slid clumsily over the tight cheeks and plunged to the wrist between the back of the girl's thighs. Algy at once held out his own glass, to detain Janet in this convenient posture.

Lieutenant Dickson's behaviour was as rum as the Major's. He was a cold customer who counted his coppers and no good will come of pretending that I liked him. I daresay he was as eager as the Major to get his hands on Janet, but instead he talked about the girl's



NOSTRADAMUS

SPOT THE PROPHECY

"The brave eldest son of the king's daughter will drive the Celts back very far. He will use thunderbolts . . ."

Would you believe guided missiles?

His predictions have never been out of print (except in wartime) since they were first published 400 years ago. He is credited with foretelling Hitler, both World Wars, the Kennedy assassinations, and most other major historical events. But how many who believe in his prophecies have ever read them? Does his reputation stand a critical examination of what he actually wrote?

BY RAYMOND LAMONT BROWN

Like the oracle of Delphi, Nostradamus never gave a straight answer. He didn't write in riddles, but he did the next best thing: he wrote with deliberate obscurity and he never named the people in his forecasts. So every phrase in his book of prophecies, *Centuries*, has to be interpreted, which means that you can make what you like of it.

Try this one for a start. *Le grand du foudre tombe d'heure diurne, mal et predict par porteur postulaire. Suivant presage tombe d'heure nocturne.* This specimen of quaint French, archaic even when it was written in the early 16th century, is seriously put forward by disciples of Nostradamus as foretelling the deaths of the Kennedy brothers. It states that a great man will be struck down in the daytime (OK so far—it was broad daylight at Dallas) by a thunderbolt (actually a bullet, and as bullets existed in the prophet's time why call it a thunderbolt?). It adds that this is an evil deed foretold by the bearer of a petition. (This has been taken to mean death threats during term of office—something that happens to every President, however.) Finally it states that another falls at night-time (which is said to refer to Robert Kennedy, who in fact was killed in the early morning).

Notice that no date is attached to the prophecy, which is another of Nostradamus's habits—he never gives a precise

date. In this particular case he doesn't even give a country, so that it may be thought to require something like a pathological craving to believe to connect it with the Kennedys at all. But there has never been a shortage of compulsive believers.

Nostradamus got off to a good start when his predictions, first published in 1555, took the fancy of the Queen of France, Catherine de Medici. She sent for Nostradamus to come to Paris. She was particularly intrigued by a verse thought to predict the king's death: *Le lion jeune le vieux surmontera, en champ bellique par singulier duelle; dans cage d'or les yeux lui crevera, deux classes une, puis mourrir mort cruelle.* (The young lion will overcome the old one, in field of combat in single duel; in a golden cage he will pierce his eyes, two wounds in one, then dies a cruel death.)

On 10 July 1559 King Henry II was killed by a Scottish soldier, Lord Montgomery, in the lists at the rue St Antoine. A lance splintered and a shaft pierced the king's gold helmet, entering his head just above the eye. He was also injured in the throat. This event, which shocked all France, set the seal on Nostradamus's reputation as a seer.

By this time however he was back home in Salon, having fled Paris, where the ecclesiastical authorities were suspicious of his prophecies and also of his private readings for the royal family. He spent much of his life keeping one jump ahead of the agents of the Inquisition. He was basically a scientist (he discovered benzoic acid in 1556) and his researches were only one step away from what were regarded as the Black Arts of sorcery. He had first invoked publicity at Avignon by upholding the theory of Copernicus that the earth was round and circled the sun—a belief for which Galileo had been condemned by the church as a heretic not so very long before.

His relatives had hustled Nostradamus away to Montpellier to study medicine, and he duly qualified there by 1525. He became a wandering doctor, treating plague victims in southern France. During this period, touring such centres as Narbonne, Carcassonne, Toulouse and Bordeaux, he gained a reputation as a healer, and he also studied the ways of local occultism. He had earlier read the large collection of occult books in the library at Avignon and his prescriptions were based partly on what he had read and partly on herbal concoctions he encountered. They were successful enough to be suspected as magic, and therefore heretical, by the church. So Nostradamus kept on the move.

Born Michel de Nostradame (bynamed Nostradamus in Latin) in December 1503 at St Remy de Provence, he was the son of Jewish parents who converted to Christianity in about 1512. He was baptized a Catholic and always professed a deep attachment to the Roman church. Just the same, he continued with his heretical researches and he was also influenced by occult Jewish literature. He received his first education from his grandfather, an ex-doctor turned tax-collector. From him he learnt the rudiments of mathematics, Hebrew, Latin and Greek, plus a large dose of "celestial science"—astrology.

He eventually settled with his second wife in Salon, in a house, still to be seen, near the Place de la Poissonnerie. He worked at translations and indulged his interest in the arcane (hidden) "sciences" of astrology and prophecy. His main inspiration was the book *De Mysteriis Egyptorum* (The Mysteries of Egypt), published at Lyons in 1547. Eight years later Nostradamus had completed the first part of his book of prophecies, which he wrote in 100 quatrains—hence the title *Centuries*. The predictions were supposed to run from his own time to the end of

**CLAIRVOYANT
OR CONMAN
?**



the world, which he placed in 1999.

Study of the prophecies is made difficult by their opaque style. They are written in crabbed, obscure phrases, with a polyglot vocabulary. The time sequence is also deliberately confused. By wrapping up his prophecies so elaborately Nostradamus was obviously protecting himself against being prosecuted as a magician, but he was also taking advantage of the enduring market for veiled forecasts that enable people to hear what they want to hear. Undoubtedly, though, he believed he possessed clairvoyant powers.

We have already seen some examples of what have been described as his "remarkably accurate precognition of future events." Here are some more, from which it is evident that even his prize specimens are open to interpretation in umpteen different ways. This is supposed to be his forecast of the assassination of King Umberto of Italy in 1900. *Le bras pendu & la jambe liée, Visage pasle au seing poignard caché; Trois qui seront jurez de la meslee, Au grand de Gennes le fer lasche.* (His arm hung & leg bound, Pale face and a dagger hidden in his breast: Three who will be sworn in the struggle, Against the grandee of Genoa will the blade be drawn.) King Umberto was killed not by three but by one man, an unemployed blacksmith named Acciarito. The forecast could fit several Italian assassinations just as well, or badly.

Nostradamus is alleged to have foretold air travel and the space age. What he actually wrote is this: *Seur marchera par ciel, serre, mer et onde.* (People will walk safely through sky, over land and sea.) As witches were already widely believed to fly on broomsticks and as Leonardo da Vinci (and probably others) had sketched imaginary flying machines a century earlier, it seems to be stretching it to describe these few bald words as a blinding original vision.

Judge the space forecast for yourself:

CLAIRVOYANT OR CONMAN?

Dedans le coing de luna viendra rendre, our sera prins et mis en terre estrange. (He will come to take himself to the corner of Luna, where he will be taken and placed on a foreign land.) As the idea of visiting the moon has been in men's minds since the beginning of time isn't it hard to see why Nostradamus should get the credit for one tortuous phrase mentioning "luna"?

This is supposed to be World War II: *Le gros mastin de cité deschassé, sera lasché de l'étrange alliance; après aux champs avoir le cerf chassé, le loup at l'Ours se donront.* (The great mastiff is driven out of the city, angered by the foreign alliance. After having chased the stag to the field, the wolf and the bear defy each other.) You have to be really searching for resemblances to notice that this might conceivably apply to wars involving Italy (the wolf) and Russia (the bear)—though why World War II in particular?

But any straw is clutched at, as in the supposed prophecy of the Franco-Prussian war. *Premier en Gaule, premier en Romanie Par mer et terre aux Anglois et Paris, Merveilleux faitz par celle grand mesnie, Violent terax perdrax le Norlaris.* As Norlaris is Lorraine and as Napoleon III was the only French statesman to lose Lorraine, the prophecy is taken as referring to him—though he had nothing to do with Romania, of which he is described

as the head!

But you know how it is with believers: nothing puts them off. They even discern a prophecy of rockets or guided missiles in the following: *L'aisné vaillant de la fille du Roy, repoussera si profond les Celtiques; qu'il mettra foudres, combien en tel arroi. Peu et loing puis profond es Hesperides.* (The brave eldest son of a king's daughter will drive the Celts back very far. He will use thunderbolts, so many in such array etc.) Notice that here our old friend "thunderbolts" passes for rockets, while in the supposed Kennedy prophecy it passes for Lee Harvey Oswald's bullets. Where the brave eldest son rigmarole comes into it is your guess.

The fact is that Nostradamus's predictions have to be manipulated to make any sense at all. And even then they're as often wrong. "The Cock will be received into Monaco, the Cardinal of France will appear: He will be deceived by the Roman legation. Weakness to the eagle, strength will be born to the cock." This is said to refer to the power struggle in the Mediterranean between the French and Spanish. If it does it's wrong—it was the Spanish (Hapsburgs) who won!

Nostradamus has suffered to some extent from his popularity, which led to inaccurately forged copies of his works and the circulation of spurious prophecies in his name. Historians prefer the first full edition published in 1568 by Benoit Rigaud. But the authentic text, as these quotations have shown, does nothing to restore confidence in his reputation. We know from his disciple and biographer, Jean Aymes de Cauigny, a former mayor of Beaune, that he had a penchant for fantasy and put curses on his critics.

Only one thing now can salvage his claims to be taken seriously: his forecast of the end of our civilization. Was he a seer or a charlatan? We'll know in 25 years. Ω

SPOT THE PROPHECY

"The great mastiff is driven out of the city, angered by the foreign alliance. After chasing the stag, the wolf and the bear defy each other."

Would you believe the outbreak of World War II?

Happy birthday!

by Frank Dickens

FIFTY-ONE TODAY
FIFTY-ONE TODAY



MORNING

NO BRA?



WOMEN'S LIB.



MAKES YOU LOOK
TWENTY YEARS
YOUNGER....



REALLY??



HONEST...

THE **WEIGHT** OF THEM
HAS PULLED ALL THE
WRINKLES OUT OF
YOUR FACE...



CONCORD BOOK CLUB

Now you can buy the latest and most avant-garde sex books from a new list specially selected for the Alpha reader. International bestsellers, foreign imports, and little-known erotica will all be offered for your information and/or entertainment. New titles will be added as they become available, and to replace existing stocks—which quickly go out of print. All the club's prices include postage. To acquire any of the books listed here, all you have to do is to tick the title on the coupon, fill in your address and mail to Concord Book Club with your remittance. The book(s) will be sent to you promptly under plain cover.



The Pillow Book (A History of "Naughty" Pictures)

Breathtaking collection of forbidden art through the ages. Text is translated from the Danish of Poul Gerhard, who also assembled the sequel *Pornography or Art?* No fewer than 337 incredible erotic illustrations, described by reviewers variously as "most crude" (*Sunday Express*) and "explicit . . . every conceivable position . . . all permutations of sexual activity." Bound in hard-wearing Astralux covers, this magnificent art book costs only **£3.50** (inc. p&p).

The Joy of Sex edited by Dr Alex Comfort

This amazing manual topped the U.S. bestseller list for nearly a year! Edited by a famous British biologist, this is an authentic book of up-to-date erotic techniques, full of imaginative suggestions for expanded pleasure. Heavily illustrated with drawings of photographic realism. The first authoritative reference book to be purely concerned with sex as fun. No couple should be without one. Price **£6.80** inc p&p.

Sexual Knowledge by Gunter Hunold

Compiled in collaboration with the Institute of Sexology in Munich and endorsed by Dr Robert Chartham, this book is profusely illustrated with full-colour photographs of real people. Every anatomical detail shown in close-up. Beautifully produced and covering everything from birth control to troilism, this is probably the best compact sex manual yet. "A very useful introduction for young adults who wish to know in greater detail", writes Dr Chartham. Price **£5** inc p&p.

Strip Jackie Naked

A pictorial record of a game of strip poker! More than 100 full-page photographs show three lovely girls (and a guy!) progressively losing their clothes. Everybody loses all in the end—or wins, depending on how you see it!—in this erotic romp from Australia, which doesn't end with the card game. **£1.40** inc p&p.

How To Satisfy All Women by Bernard Sullivan

A comprehensive book of sexual

knowledge with more than 70 photographs. Everything is explained—no excuses if you can't make it as a lover after reading this! Chapters on female sexuality, seduction, oral intercourse, sexual sharing etc. "Unquestionably the greatest little big book on advanced sex", writes a reader of the first edition. Price **£2.50** inc p&p.

Up The Mini/Looking Up The Mini

Two 68-page books of photographs celebrating the miniskirt and its revealing ways! Essentially for voyeurs, especially leg men and pantie lovers! These two cheeky books for only **£1.60** the pair, inc p&p.

The Sensations of Love by Michelle Bardot

Original French artwork and photographs with translated English text. A complete uncensored guide to sexual behaviour, this book teaches with uninhibited pictures and frank commentary. Answers intimate questions and opens up new dimensions in sexual enjoyment. With full glossary and birth control section. Price **£2.25** inc p&p.

The Pillow Book **£3.50**

The Joy of Sex **£6.80**

Sexual Knowledge **£5**

Strip Jackie Naked **£1.40**

How to Satisfy All Women **£2.50**

Up The Mini/Looking Up the Mini **£1.60**

The Sensations of Love **£2.25**

☐
☐
☐
☐
☐
☐

To: Concord Book Club, c/o BCM-Alphabetic, London WC1V 6XX
I am over 18 and apply to join the Concord Book Club and to receive circulars relating to the Concord catalogue. Please send me the book(s) I have ticked. I enclose cheque/PO (payable to Concord Products) for £ :

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

STRICTLY FOR ADULTS ONLY

BIZARRE

A NEW ALPHA SERIES



A slave auction in the South, as seen by abolitionists. Note the whips.

FANCY GIRLS FOR SALE

You could examine the goods freely before the auction by Francis Selwyn

In the arcades of New Orleans, where negro, mulatto, and quadroon girls were displayed for sale, the price might be anywhere between 200 and 2,000 dollars. In the famous auction parlours of the main thoroughfares, St Charles and Bourbon, Lafayette and St Louis, the price was higher still. But a planter or turfman with his year's profits burning a hole in his pocket could go to an auction like Joseph Beard's and live one of the favourite sexual daydreams of modern man. In a matter of hours he would own a harem of beautiful slavegirls, each of them trained and eager to submit to the sexual demands of her master.

It seems incredible that until not much more than 100 years ago such a thing should have been possible. Yet the first-hand reports of Charles Bancroft, William Cooper, Otis Biglow, and scores of other travellers to the Deep South bear witness to it.

Bancroft described one "fancy girl" auction attended by "prosperous horsebreeders, reckless turfmen, spendthrift planters, gamblers and profligates." The setting was a plush rococo "parlour" where the large fans turned lethargically overhead in the cigar smoke and the steamy heat of the Delta afternoon. The girl who stood on the dais at one end of the room was a tall honey-gold mulatto with a graceful figure, dark glossy hair and proud features. As she stood barefoot in her blouse and skirt, her eyes flashed defiance. But her defiance remained mute. As Frederica Bremer remarked, there was another, very private

room behind the auction parlour where such girls as this had their first taste of the leather spanking-paddle. The trader preferred the paddle because, although it stung the girl's bottom savagely, it left no permanent mark. There was no need to limit the number of strokes when one of the "fancy girls" was "conditioned" before an auction.

Bidding began at 200 dollars, rising by tens and twenties. At the first lull the auctioneer ordered the girl to remove her blouse. She obeyed, though her face appeared to "glow" with a sense of humiliation. However, her young breasts were not sufficient inducement to raise the bidding to Beard's expectations. She was obliged to remove her skirt as well and walk naked before the bidders. The starting bid was doubled. Then the doubled price itself was doubled and trebled before the auction ended.

The inhibitions of 19th-century journalists meant that the story of the "fancy girls" remained an unwritten chapter in the history of American slavery. It was recorded rarely except in the personal accounts of men like Bancroft and Biglow, or remarkable and redoubtable female travellers like Frederica Bremer and Frances Kemble, the actress. Only a few, like Hugues Rebelle in *En Virginie* were more outspoken still. Yet the fancy girl system, by a grotesque quirk of law, was to play more than its share in bringing down the detested system of black slavery. For that alone it deserves some memorial.

Of course, fancy girls were the envy of their sisters in slavery. Not for them the drudgery of the cotton fields, nor even the tiresome chores of "indoor servants", as domestic slavegirls were called. Tricked out in the latest fashions, they lolled and lounged at their master's beck and call. If they had one fear, it was of the weeks during the summer when their master went to Lexington or Richmond or New Orleans, leaving them at the mercy of his jealous and vindictive wife.

It was the sales themselves, rather than what was done to the girls behind the closed doors of plantation houses, which roused the indignation of European and Northern visitors. Even broad-minded young Englishmen were shocked to find that before the sales the regular customers were permitted to strip and fondle the girls "in a disgusting and repulsive manner." As for the stripping during an auction, prudence (as well as prurience) made it necessary. No self-respecting planter was going to pay 1,000 dollars or more until he had seen that the girl was not marked permanently by the whip—or, worse still, by being branded as a "runaway". At Richmond, Virginia, said Bancroft, the whole body was examined as a matter of course. As girls were usually whipped on their buttocks, all of the nude slaves stooped while their behinds were "scrutinized" for whitish lines, the tell-tale marks of a flogging with a heavy whip. Many of the cheeks might be "blushing" from the paddle or imprinted by the cane, but this was no obstacle to a sale.

It is not difficult to imagine the impact of such displays on visiting Victorians and their Yankee cousins. The visitors had been to some degree prepared for them, but what they had not been prepared to find was that many of the girls were "white". Miss Bremer was more aghast at this than at any of the sex or sadism which accompanied slavery. It was in Virginia that she first saw "almost white" girls for sale. But then, in Augusta, Georgia, she saw a girl who undoubtedly appeared "to belong to the white race; her features too were those of the whites. The slavekeeper told us that the day before another girl, still fairer and handsomer, had been sold for 1,500 dollars."

The explanation was simple, if grotesque. By the law of Virginia and the South, status was determined by ancestry, not by colour. A mulatto girl, half white, was a slave. A quadroon, three-quarters white, was a slave. Even an octoroon, seven-eighths white might be a

slave. Her colouring, at the darkest, was probably that of a modern English girl with a Mediterranean holiday tan. Often she was pale enough for the Home Counties or the American North. The state of genetic knowledge made this "mystery" a sensation.

The repercussions were far-reaching. Even the most dedicated supporter of slavery felt misgivings as he witnessed a teenager, who looked like an English schoolgirl being bought by a swarthy trader of Mexican free-born descent.

Very few writers recorded the lives of such slavegirls in the cool spacious houses of Natchez or tidewater Virginia. However, both Frances Kemble and Hugues Rebell described planters taking several girls to bed for the night. It was also the custom of the more reputable planters to entertain their friends with displays put on by the girls and to make sure that each guest would find a girl warming his bed for the night. The girls themselves raised no objection. The alternatives for them were either a backbreaking life in the plantation fields or the drudgery of menial domestic tasks under a spiteful mistress.

If the 19th-century propagandists against slavery were inhibited in their references to sexual serfdom, they were vociferous on such topics as the beating or physical ill-treatment of these slavegirls—probably exaggeratedly so, according to recent research. But even in the 1860s in Virginia and Carolina there were still "jumpers", men who made a living by going from one large house to another whipping slavegirls whom the mistress of the house had put on her list.

More extraordinary were the so-called "whipping-houses" in cities like Charleston. The idea of these had been that when the mistress of a house was left in charge, she could bring "awkward" girls here to be punished for a fee while her husband's strong right arm was busy in Richmond or St Louis. The houses were described by James Bertram, William Cooper, and others, and the scandals associated with them made the system of slavery stink in the nostrils of the uncommitted. One particular case embodied the most grotesque features of the system in their most poignant form. Even by the standards of the horrors collected in Rebell's *En Virginie*, the case must have been unique.

The slavegirl was Judith, 16 years old. She was not yet a "fancy girl" but a "baby minder" in her owner's family. No doubt she held the position by virtue of her appearance, "a veil of light-brown hair from her high crown to her shoulders, a pale oval face, hazel eyes, and clear regular features." She was tall with "the long trim legs of a boyish build" but her other curves seem to have been fully feminine. Predictably, her master decided that she must begin to perform certain duties in his bedroom. The girl absconded, was caught, and brought to the whipping-house in stolen denim breeches, resembling tight jeans cut short to leave legs and thighs bare. The keeper thrashed five girls before a select group of



Slavery ahead: negroes reach the New World.

spectators, securing the culprits so that they knelt in a row over a long bench. The others wore cotton dresses but when Judith bent forward, the seat of her "jeans" tightening and swelling in a pair of cheeks, she must have looked blatantly suggestive to the keeper and his guests.

During about half an hour, the man would give each girl in turn a score of strokes with a rattan cane. Then he began with the first girl and started again, giving several such "instalments". As James Bertram recorded, the girls lived in dread of such men who made it last all afternoon. As the girls were bared for punishment, Judith's bottom was the centre of attention for the "moon-white" plumpness of her stretched cheeks. Her turn came first. The whipping was semi-official, given "sternly with the strokes spaced out," and the keeper soon had Judith's backside "riding up and down as though she had been saddled on a hornet's nest." The strokes of the flexible cane echoed across the "pale" cheeks of Judith's behind "like a ringmaster's whip."

It seems ironic that misgivings were raised by Judith's light brown hair, pale face, and hazel eyes, while no thought was given to girls unfortunate enough to have darker skins. But when the others had been dealt with, her turn came again. Though there were still tears on her face and her bottom was "round and rosy as a fiery sunset," the keeper remained undeterred. The spectators watched Judith's hind cheeks writhing under the cane, and remained apparently unmoved by her womanly beauty and her youthful innocence.

Before feeling too morally superior at the whipping of a 16-year-old girl, Englishmen might recall that their own law at the time permitted the hanging of still younger culprits for offences which would no longer merit a

court appearance. For Judith, there was no choice but to present herself demurely in her master's bedroom in future. But even sexual surrender might not win forgiveness. Rebell was informed that sometimes after a night in her master's room, she emerged with her face tear-stained and eyes inflamed by weeping—and that the maids who cleaned the room smiled knowingly at one another when they found a leather spanking-paddle among the rumpled sheets.

Like other sensational tales of the slavegirl trade Judith's was passed by word of mouth and in books of limited circulation, like Rebell's. Other details of the trade were made known by the same channels and one might look for them in vain among official reports and documents. In all discussions of slavery, for instance, it was felt best not to spread the news that one of the most respected fathers of the American Constitution had achieved a remarkable master-slavegirl relationship. Thomas Jefferson, no less, had had a mulatto slave who was actually his wife's half-sister, the consequence of his father-in-law's passion for a coloured slave.

Despite the undoubted excesses that occurred in slave days, it is only fair to add that the latest examination of contemporary data and documents does not support the idea that cruelty or abuse was the norm. On the contrary, Robert William Fogel and Stanley Engerman, both professors of history and economics, show in their *Time on the Cross* that slaves ate better than the U.S. population as a whole, were encouraged with bonuses, taught skilled trades, and looked after paternally by plantation owners. Sexual abuse of female slaves was in general considered bad for morale, a point that the authors establish with a simple statistic: after 23 decades of slavery only 7.7 per cent of the South's coloured population, despite a lack of contraceptives, was mulatto. Ω



Tuppy Owens' Sex Scene

ONE SEXPOT LOOKS AT ANOTHER: OWENS ON LOVELACE

When I read a paperback called *Inside Linda Lovelace*, an alleged autobiography of the *Deep Throat* girl, I couldn't help thinking back to an earlier book with a similar theme and title, *Inside Daisy Clover*. Both are about the emergence of a movie star but, wow, how the world has changed in 10 years! How much more a girl has to do to make it these days! And how much literary standards have dropped.

If only Gavin Lambert had written the Lovelace story, it would have made so much more impact. His *Daisy Clover* (Penguin Books) was a sensitive sexy young nymph, and his book, however true or fabricated, gives a convincing insight into the transformation of little girl into Hollywood star, with all the emotional and sexual intricacies that may involve. Linda is no less of an interesting case but whoever helped her along with her book (according to one report she disowns it) did little to fill it with the ingredients of a literary goodie.

Still, I enjoyed it. Guys who called round have picked it up and commented, "She sounds too stupid to know where her clitoris is," but I had to defend the book. The apparent dimness of the writer makes it more fascinating to me, because I was given freedom as a girl to choose what I wanted to do. I chose an academic career, putting me alongside the most upright and sexually juvenile sector of our society. And from those brainy levels I've slipped down the delightful path to eroticism—sinking in respectability and rising in fulfilment and pleasure. That Linda could screw a roomful of men without thinking is to me a revelation. I always thought, before and after, and there wasn't always an after.

Besides, the Linda book is compelling if you want to know how she developed her deep-throat technique, or if you want to know how she turned into a sexual athlete. Her teacher was her ex-husband Chuck Taylor, and let's have more Chucks is what I say. A later interview in *Screw* tells how he goes about it:

"I told her (Marilyn Chambers, his new wife and lately an enormous success in porno films in America) I thought a woman should be proud of her house, you know, proud of the way she lives, proud of her old man bragging about her, and proud to keep him happy. . . . She keeps a dynamic house now, loves to stay home, loves to cook, loves to go out and do shows, make a film, whatever."

He's a man who likes to inspire a woman into excelling at all female occupations. He picked up the deep-throat idea in Japan, and taught it to Linda using hypnotic and yoga techniques. He adds that if he were broke again, he'd go out and work as a brick-carrier, but he'd expect his wife to go out and turn a few tricks as well. In other words whoring.

Linda's book says she dug the whole scene of living with Chuck, having a ball, and making blue films. She never wanted to change, even though she had become a star. However, more recent news reveals that she's left Chuck, and thinks of herself as a "straight" actress, never to take her clothes off on screen again. She claims that Chuck beat her to make her write the book, that she never appeared in films with dogs, and that the book is packed with untruths.

All the same, the book (Heinrich Hanau Publications, 50p) contains several sex tips to spread around. My eyes lit up when I read the section on mentholated cremes such as Vick. I stole into the kitchen to raid the medicine tin, and came across a tube of Mentholatum "Deep Heat," which is meant for muscle cramp and rheumatism. Nevertheless, I thought a little wouldn't hurt, put a slither on my forefinger, and began my sexual advances. Poor bugger was almost in tears!

I told him I got the idea from the great Linda Lovelace. "I told you she was a stupid lying bitch" came the reply. Oh well, I suppose I overdid it!

Linda endorses my claim that orgasms cure headaches. She boasts having 50 orgasms

a day, which must mean very few headaches. The question that still hasn't been answered is: does it feel good to have your penis rammed half way down a girl's throat? I thought of learning the technique myself to test it out, but I can't even allow the dentist to put in those X-Ray guards, so I reckoned I'd be fighting a losing battle. But just feeling around the outside—feel around yours and you'll see what I mean . . . lots of little sharp objects like the thyroid cartilage, the arytenoid cartilage, the cricoid cartilage, the tracheal cartilage, the lesser horn of hyoid and the greater horn of hyoid and the hyoid bone, not to mention the larynx. It seems like a mighty prickly conglomeration of obstructions, and not a truly comfy journey for a cock, doesn't it?

Hey presto

Those of you interested in sex-change operations and the like might care to hear about a detailed article on the subject in the *British Journal of Sexual Medicine*, a magazine directed at awakening British doctors to the facts and problems of sex. The article is written by Dr Grant Williams, consultant urologist and transplant surgeon at the Charing Cross Hospital. Two colour photos show a full-length frontal of the post-operational "girl" and a close-up of her genitals soon after the operation. "She" certainly had no cock left, and what remained was interesting, to say the least. How, you might ask, is it done?

"The skin of the posterior two-thirds of the scrotum is reflected posteriorly and the testes removed by dividing the spermatic cords and gubernacula. A mid-line ventral incision along the scrotum passes to the tip of the penis; the skin of the penis is reflected dorsally, giving a dorsal pedicle flap of penile skin and a dorsal pedicle of scrotal skin . . ." A tunnel is then made behind the bulb of the spongy urethra

in the plane through the fascia of Denovilliers, as used in excision of the rectum. This tunnel extends to behind the prostate and the tunnel lined with the dorsal scrotal flap and the anterior penile flap. The spongy urethra is brought through the anterior skin flap in the midline.

"The 'vagina' is packed with gauze roll, soaked in flavine emulsion. This keeps the vagina in situ, and is removed on the fifth post-operative day. The bladder is drained by a urethral catheter which is also removed on the fifth day, when the patient can be put in the bath and taught to pass a vaginal dilator. This vaginal dilation is done three times a day until the vagina is healed... It is important to place the vagina high up between the levators so that the patient can grasp the penis at subsequent intercourse. The patient can leave hospital after 10 days."

Best not try it yourself at home, don't you think?

Club crawl

I've been spending most of the month visiting strip clubs and places, doing research for my *Sex Maniac's Diary*. It surprises me why more people don't go to strip clubs—they are such ones of entertainment. But in Soho most of the clubs of the seedy variety, i.e. the traditional strip clubs, have closed down. One has to scour the streets to find a club open. There's the Pussy Cat, which has a whole trail of ladies who take their clothes off to the sound of music. One wouldn't really call it dancing, more like strutting, throwing the eyes up to the ceiling as if to say "What a waste of time this all is." Then when their bodies are finally bared, a fierce look at the audience as though defying them to boo. Girls with better bodies smiled, those with sagging ones scowled. Which seems reason-

able. Some of the men seemed to feel let down, but to me the whole phenomenon is so fascinating, that my mouth was constantly ajar, my eyes darting from stripper to audience to examine the interactions.

The "posh" strip clubs such as Raymond's and the Nell Gwynne are a different kettle of fish. "Respectable and artistic." Unfortunately, art is a long way from the mark, but I was happy to find at the Nell Gwynne a divine tongue-in-cheek attitude to the "artistic" side. The girls turn you on as much as possible, but the rest of the time they amuse you. Much winking of the eyes, and other organs.

Up North, they're still old-fashioned enough to strip in the old tantalizing fashion. Blackpool, believe it or not, has three strip clubs. Underneath a huge Watney's sign is the entrance to The Oasis Club. Action starts around 11.30 at the top of some rather smelly stairs. The band arrives (both of them, but

72

Dear Tuppy

If you have a sex problem, let Tuppy try to solve it in Alpha. Write to her at BCM-Alphabetic, London WC1V 6XX. Sorry, no replies by mail.

Dear Tuppy: I picked up this beautiful girl six weeks ago (my first for 18 months) and when we went back to her place we went to bed, but it took me ages to get an erection, and then when I did I pumped her for about a minute and couldn't stop myself from coming. Every other time since it has been the same. Even when I masturbate I can't keep an erection for long and, as you can guess, we're both getting frustrated. I really like this girl and would hate to lose her. Could you help me in any way? By the way, I've never had this trouble before. I really like your Alpha articles. How about showing more than a photo of your face (preferably in the nude)?—G.G., Suffolk.

Dear G.G.: 18 months is a long time, and you were obviously out of practice on the first night. Maybe your failure then has caused you to be nervous on the following occasions. I feel that the biggest reason of all for your trouble is that you like the girl so much. So much she almost unnerves you?

Three things you can try. Firstly, when you are in bed with her try to forget about your own body. Go crazy adoring hers and make sure she comes over and over again by jerking over her clitoris with your fingers and mouth and tongue—anything to get her off. Make her a helpless victim of your sexual power, licking you to erection if you haven't already got one. Now you can enter her while she's on the plateau of orgasms, and in that state she might only need slow meaningful movements to keep her up there, the sort of movements that are gentle on the penis, and don't over-excite it. If you keep with the patterns of her

orgasmic capacity (many women, if not all, can have an orgasm every 30 seconds or so, one after the other) you will eventually ride up to one of her climaxes with her, and you'll come together. This sounds pretty nice doesn't it?

Another helpful thing might be to try some of the spray which some men use to numb the penis, so that they can keep their erection. "Stud" or "Taurus Spray" for example. You'll see adverts in many magazines. If these things fail, I suggest that you ask your girl to help you, and discuss the relationship you have together, hopefully finding a way for her to approach you in bed that does not have such disastrous results. It would be easy to say, for example, "You are simply too exciting, darling. I am afraid to get an erection because I know I will get overexcited too quickly. Can't you get on top of me and fuck me slowly, so that I can lie calmly beneath you and savour the feeling of being inside you." As a last resort, show her this article. Have a laugh and work it out together.



Dear Tuppy: Recently at work quite a lot of West Indian women have started jobs as machinists etc, and I have found myself desiring them very much. They are so lonely (or lovely, I can't read it!) and have such wonderful bodies. It has got so bad for me that I pray for coloured girls to sit beside me on the bus going to and from work, and quite often it happens. [What happens!?!] These big black cheerful women plonk themselves beside me and I am treated to the randy sight of gleaming dark thighs vanishing up a short skirt. It's

driving me mad—often, owing to the narrowness of the seat, we are crushed together. Of course I get an erection, and when I get home I have to masturbate. I badly want to see a coloured woman's vagina. Is it different from a white woman's, Tuppy? I don't suppose you'll print this, but at least one woman, yourself, will know of my problem. I often go to the local market where hundreds of these women shop. I follow them along the street looking at their legs, big and brown, and their full round bottoms. I long to put my hand up their skirts. I don't know what your views on sex are, but is it wrong of me to want to put my mouth over the vagina of a really big coloured woman and bring her to orgasm with my tongue? It can't be disgusting if I want it so much, and if a woman is willing, it must be all right. Oh, Tuppy I want to... Please can we have photos of coloured women in the magazine soon, I love them so much—J.D., London E.5.

Dear Mr J.D.: I can't think why you should want to see photos of coloured girls, when there are so many coloured girls close at hand for your own personal first hand experience. If you haven't seen a coloured girl's fanny, yes it's the same as a white girl's, but like the mouth it looks different because the tissues are paler pink than her other skin. So it looks like a pretty pink rose lying on the earth, if you like. My suggestion is that you extend your prayers. You didn't say whom you were praying to, but whoever it is I'm sure he's in favour of love between his races, and with a bit of organization he might get you sitting

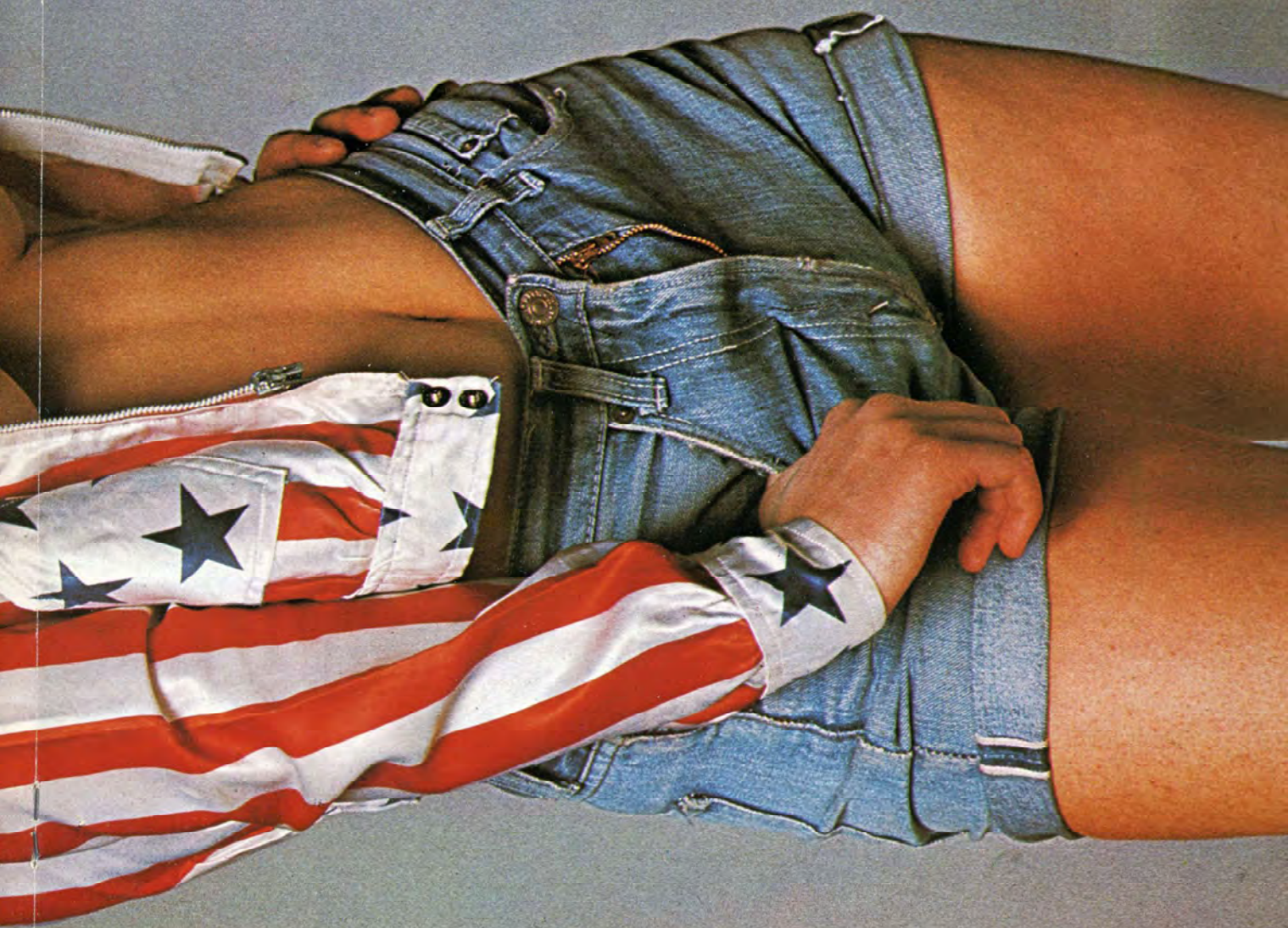
72



RITA

PHOTOS BY ED ALEXANDER
Rita's patients wouldn't recognize her from these pictures. They're used to seeing her in the demure white coat she wears for her work as a physiotherapist. Not that it's all that demure — "In the summer it's warm work doing a massage and I often don't wear anything under the uniform, except panties, that is." In which case they'd need to sew Rita's top button on strongly, by the looks of her. A Scots lass from Paisley, Rita now eases aches and pains in booming Aberdeen, but to thwart a rush of malingers we're not going to name her clinic. Sorry, chaps, but she made us promise. Anyway she never goes out with patients—well, hardly ever. "Most of the men patients

HER HANDS HAVE THE
HEALING TOUCH — SHE
LOOKS A TONIC TOO





RITA

are married or too old for me—I'm 21—though not too old to make passes. I did once go out with a fella who kept asking me, but it made me wary. He only seemed to want to talk about his ailments, and how much better he'd feel if I gave him a workout. I soon twigged that what he was after was a 'relief' massage, as they call it in those salons they have in London. He'd got a nerve."

Rita hastens to explain that



EL CORD

adriana AMENIZA EL ESPECTA

EN CUMPLIMIENTO DE LO ORDENADO POR EL NÚMERO

4.º - Cuando terminen las infraestructuras

5.º - Cuando terminen los trabajos con los

6.º - Al finalizar la

7.º - Solo podrá

she's no prude about sex. "I've no inhibitions about it, but that doesn't mean that I've hot pants for every man I treat, the way people seem to think nurses are." Rita isn't hooked on doctors either. "They get spoilt in hospitals with so many women fetching and carrying for them. Besides, I believe in keeping work and private life apart." Rita's passion is dancing, and she also spends much of her

RITA





spare time in amateur dramatics. "They usually do straight plays, but there's talk of a review next winter, so perhaps I'll get a chance to do a dance." Why not a slow strip—she'd be a riot with her 36–24–35 figure. "I wouldn't mind but I've got a boyfriend in the company and I think he'd raise hell. You know how boyfriends are." Rita hasn't told him about her Alpha appearance, but if he flies off the handle she should worry. She'll have no shortage of new escorts when her sensuous contours have received nation-wide study on these pages. **Ω**

RITA







"Right, you're smiling. Now can I get on with the picture?"



ALPHA'S CASEBOOK OF INTIMATE CONFESSION

Life with a womanizer

At first Johanna's husband kept his affairs hidden. Now he's defiant—he even keeps his mistress in the same house, disguised as the au pair

BY LENDAL SCOTT-ELLIS

Johanna was obviously very beautiful once, with her blonde hair and dark brown eyes, but her looks are beginning to be dissipated by worry and drink. She is 36 now, five years younger than her husband Mark. They have no children but live in a large house in one of London's dearest areas. Johanna is a part-time business-woman and Mark is a company director. They've been married 13 years, and for a good part of that time, she says, they were happy together. Then comes the qualification:

"I mean I was as happy as I could be with my knowing that he had affairs with other women. A lot of my friends think that I've been too understanding about his infidelities, which is why I guess I'm in the horrible mess I'm in now."

The "horrible mess" is her rather peculiar living arrangement. Nine months ago her husband moved his French girlfriend into their house to live with them. Johanna put up with this situation because she is still desperately in love with Mark and says that

she can't forget what their love and their marriage once was.

"Our courtship was very romantic. I fell in love with him the first minute I laid eyes on him. In those days—I guess you could call them the days of swinging London—I used to run around with a wild crowd. We were always off gambling or having lovers and gossiping about it all like mad. I wasn't really very sophisticated and to tell the truth most of the friends I had then were way above my head, but I was determined to keep up. I swore and drank and had sex as much as any of them. I didn't want anyone to think I wasn't a raver. I had about six lovers before I met Mark. They were all friendly with each other, so it was also a pretty incestuous scene. You know, it was like 'Which one am I going to have it off with tonight?' None of it actually meant anything emotionally. I got my kicks and a reputation for being swinging and that was all I was interested in then. Mark was the first one to see through me and to realize that I was just an innocent little

girl playing at grown-up."

Johanna and her husband met at a friend's house in the country.

"I'll never forget it. I arrived on a Saturday morning and was told that everyone was on the tennis court. I changed and went down and there was Mark, and like I said I fell for him instantly. He noticed me too because he asked someone who I was. Anyway he spent the weekend flirting with me and when he left he asked for my phone number. I couldn't wait to get back to London so I could see him again. My friend Jamie, whose house it was (and who'd once been one of my group of lovers) told me not to get too hot on Mark because he was a bit of a bastard and had hundreds of girls. Of course I didn't pay any attention. I thought Jamie was just jealous. Besides every woman believes that she's going to be the one to finally make a man settle down. So every time the phone rang I'd rush to it thinking it was Mark and every time someone came through the door at the shop (she worked in a boutique) I just knew that it

was going to be him. Two weeks passed like that. I know Mark now and I realize that he was playing a game to make me keen, but it was absolute hell.

"Anyway he did finally ring just when I'd about given up and decided that Jamie was right. I remember that as soon as I put the phone down I made up my mind that I was going to sleep with him that night. I'd lost my confidence by then and decided that I'd better take advantage of the opportunity because, judging from his behaviour I might never see him again.

"Our first time together was fantastic. We made love all night, about four or five times, and I had a tremendous lot of orgasms. Mark told me that he was a breast man and that I had the most beautiful ones he'd ever seen. He couldn't keep his hands or his mouth off them. He also kept tongueing my vagina after he'd made love to me. He said our juices tasted good together. I loved making love to him because he was so unlike all the other men I'd been to bed with. He wasn't awkward or amateurish. He knew exactly what he was doing and he had the most wonderful body in the world. Even his stomach was beautiful because it was so flat and contoured.

"I think in some ways I surprised him. He says that he hadn't expected me to be so uninhibited, but he excited me so much that I couldn't help myself. Before that night I'd never let a man come in my mouth but I asked Mark to do it because I wanted to do something for him that I'd never done for anyone else."

They married after a year. She says a number of people told her she was making a mistake because of her husband's reputation as a womanizer. There was also talk that he was marrying her for her money.

"I don't deny that Mark is and always has been ambitious and that my money played a part in his marrying me. But in England money or property or something always come into marriage, and it wasn't as if Mark was a pauper—he just had less money than I did. I'm sure down deep in my heart that Mark was in love with me then and that he was tremendously attracted to me physically."

In the first years the marriage went well. Then, after four miscarriages, doctors advised her to stop trying to have a baby. It was not long after this that she found out her husband was unfaithful.

"I took not being able to have children very badly. I had a kind of a breakdown. It wasn't serious enough for me to go into hospital but I did have terrible bouts of depression. I wanted desperately to give Mark a child and when I found out I couldn't I felt as if I wasn't a woman, and that I had let him down. But he was absolutely wonderful to me about it, at the time.

He said that he didn't mind at all and if I really wanted a child so much we could wait a while and then look into adoption. Then he sat me down and told me that I had to do something to take my mind off my problems, especially since he was away more and more on business. He suggested I should start some kind of business of my own, so I roped in a girlfriend and we opened a clothes shop.

"We'd been going for about six months when two model girls came in, and as they were trying on clothes I overheard one say that she'd just got back from Geneva. She mentioned Mark's name and said that she was crazy about him but she hadn't a hope in hell of getting him because he was married and she gathered that his wife was pretty and rich and he had no intentions of divorcing her. When I heard all this I burst into tears and ran out of the shop. I felt just like someone had kicked me in the stomach. I drove straight home and got drunk. I wanted to confront

OUR FIRST NIGHT I DID THINGS WITH MARK I'D NEVER DONE BEFORE. HE'S STILL THE ONLY MAN I WANT

Mark with what I knew, but I couldn't, I guess I didn't want to bring it out in the open because that would have made it all too real and would have destroyed the image of what was to me a perfect marriage.

"When Mark got home he thought I was drunk because I was in one of my depressions over not having babies. He told me off and said that I had to pull myself together. He cooked dinner and when we went to bed he made love to me the same as always. That was one of the things that confused me most. He was screwing that model and still he seemed as attracted to me as ever. When he was at home he was always all over me. He made love to me every night and he was always grabbing my breasts or feeling me under my clothes. He even used to say that he never got tired of the smell or the taste of my vagina."

Their marriage went on smoothly for another few years. Johanna worked at convincing herself that her husband's affair with the model girl was a one-off thing. Her drinking continued to increase, to fight her depressions, but she says she thought she had the situation under control until a "well-meaning" friend told her that it was common knowledge that her husband was sleeping around with other women.

"I think it was the humiliation of hearing from someone else about Mark's affairs that really changed me into what Mark called 'a

drunken possessive nagger'. I couldn't help it though. It was torture knowing that Mark was probably with another woman when he wasn't with me. I still couldn't bring myself to have it out with him but I started questioning him about every move he made. I started insisting that he take me on business trips and trying to pressure him into adopting a baby because I thought that would bring us back together again, but by that time he'd gone off the idea and said that he didn't want anybody else's cast-off baby.

"As our marriage disintegrated I drank more. Mark tried to stop me. He said people were beginning to notice and to talk about it. He started making love to me less, though I used to literally beg him to sleep with me or at least to let me suck him so that he could come in my mouth. Things between us went from bad to worse. One night we were at a party, I was drunk, and Mark was avoiding me. I saw him dancing very close with a girl, and I just lost control of myself. I started pulling him away from her and generally making a fool of myself. Mark got absolutely livid and practically dragged me down to the car. When we got home I couldn't hold back any longer. I told him I knew about all his women and that I drank so much to forget how miserable I was. I thought that if he knew how much I was suffering it would soften him, but it didn't.

"He screamed that I knew what he was like when I married him, and that he had once loved me but that now I was destroying his feelings for me. I started clawing at him, but he pushed me away and told me to pull myself together because I was being disgusting. He took me upstairs and helped me undress. I made myself stop crying and asked him please to make love to me and not to leave me. He made love to me and told me that he wouldn't leave but that he had no intentions of changing his life."

Johanna tried once again to reconcile herself to her husband's behaviour. Her drinking she says "just about tripled" and often she couldn't work because she was too drunk to get out of the door. She tried having an affair herself but failed.

"After our big scene I just didn't know what to do. I knew that a suicide attempt was no good because I didn't really want to die and I knew that Mark would only be furious because I'd pulled a stunt to try to make him feel guilty. So that was when I decided that my best revenge would be to have an affair with another man. I went to see an old boyfriend of mine and pretty well threw myself at him. I started talking about our old times together and pressing myself against him and feeling his penis through his trousers, but when it came time for us to actually go to bed I panicked and couldn't do it, because Mark was really the only man I wanted."

About two weeks after this incident Johanna's husband moved to a separate bedroom. She says that they made love from time to time if she was not too drunk when she asked, or if he was in the mood.

"I know it seems incredible that two people could live that way but our marriage went like that for nearly six years. Then he met this French bitch, Nicole. She's supposed to be the au pair, but everybody in London must know he's sleeping with her because he sometimes takes her out and says that he brought her instead of me because I was too ill to come, and everyone nods, knowing that he really means that I'm drunk. I hate the little cunt and even more so because she insists on being polite to me just to show how smug and sure of herself she is. I'm sure she thinks that eventually Mark is going to marry her but I know—in fact I'm sure—that he cheats on her when he's away because he can't keep his hands off other

women. I don't think he'll ever divorce me because he knows I still love him and that at least as long as he stays here I won't pull my money out of his companies. The only thing that I'm terrified of is that she'll get herself pregnant, and that would kill me because Mark has admitted how much he resented me for not being able to give him sons."

Johanna continued, trying to justify and explain her predicament.

"Don't think that I don't know that I've become a pathetic creature and that we're a ridiculous household. You should see the three of us having dinner or watching television and being deadly civil to each other. Nicole and I even carry on the farce when Mark's away. She pretends to be the servant waiting on me hand and foot but I know she's really laughing at me. But in a way she's almost in the same boat as I am, because she loves him too, and can't leave him.

"Mark never touches me now. He says that I ought to find a lover, but I don't want one, so the only thing I can do for relief is to masturbate, and I always do it looking at Mark's picture. Sometimes when he's at home I listen outside Nicole's door—at least he has the decency not to share a room with her—while he's making love to her. If I'm drunk enough I pretend that it's me he's on top of and making love to, and then I creep back to my room and masturbate myself. I know all this is just too awful and this is no way to live, but I keep hoping that if I hold on long enough and maybe stop drinking, one day when we're older we'll be able to work things out. I know this is completely the reverse of what I said before, but sometimes I wish that Nicole would have a child and that Mark could find some way of getting it away from her and we could raise it together as ours. I know it sounds stupid and that I'm stupid, but I live on dreams now." Ω

The proud stripper

**At her interview the boss said, "Let's have you then. Take 'em off."
Then he called in some cronies to eye her. She took the job anyway – it was
the next best thing to being a dancer
BY STELLA STUART**

"I didn't set out to be a stripper," said Selena. "I'd always wanted to be a dancer and trained for it for years in my home town. I even got to play the juvenile lead in a pantomime before I started to grow at an enormous rate—I'm now about 5ft 9in. Then I had to think—I was far too tall for the chorus, and not outstanding enough for a solo act, even in the provinces. And God, was I broke! Then someone mentioned stripping to me. I put the idea out of my mind, but the more broke I got, the more it appealed to me. After all, it is vaguely theatrical and I've never seen anything wrong in nudity."

"Besides, I met this girl who always seemed to have a lot of money and she told me that with my figure I'd make a good stripper and could earn up to a hundred or so a week, if I worked hard. She said she was 'retiring' soon (aged 27) and going into property."

So Selena went along to meet the boss, whom she described as "a revolting cigar-smoking little man, in a small, grubby office. He said: 'Well, let's have you then. Take 'em off.' Just like that." In a daze, she'd done so. He'd then called in one or two other cronies who all eyed her as if she were a prize cow. They offered her the job and, in desperation, she took it. "The money was OK, but the things you had to do—Christ! The stage was minute, so I had to walk down among the audience.

Stark naked with their greedy eyes taking in every inch of me.

"Those men honestly believed that a lousy entrance fee gave them the right to touch your tits—or anywhere else that took their fancy. Club rules had it that you picked on some guy and sat on his lap. You could hardly hear the music for the rustle of newspapers bobbing up and down among the grey gaberdine raincoats! I'd just made up my mind to quit soon, when it all came to an end rather suddenly. I was in the middle of my act, when some old guy came lurching on to the stage with his fly wide open and his wrinkled penis hanging out. He kept trying to get it close to me. Everyone was laughing and I just ran off the stage, and home, in tears."

In the cab on the way back she worried about how she would tell her lover about the lost job. Not that the lover had ever been concerned, assuming that Selena was, what she said, a dancer. Professionally their lives were poles apart, but as a couple they were very much together. How did he react—wasn't he jealous when he heard about Selena using her body to excite men?

"Him?" was Selena's open-mouthed reply. "I thought everyone knew that I'm a raging lesbian; always have been."

She went on to comment on the irony of her situation. "Sometimes I laugh inside to

myself out there in the spotlight, really giving them the come-on. And when I'm doing it, I can only think of Terry and how she excites me when she touches me. If only those men knew that while I'm giving them some sort of kick, or making them better able to make it with their wives, my only concentration is on getting home to my 'husband'. OK, so it's a woman, but she doesn't need a sex show to turn her on. Just me." "Anyway, when I told Terry she was stunned at what I'd been doing and we had a row to end all rows. She made me swear I'd never go back to the place. It wasn't a hard thing to agree to!

"After the row, we had a long talk. Terry's terribly clever but is still training to be an architect, so she hasn't much money. She said she couldn't keep me, so had no right to tell me what to do, but that whatever I did I was to make bloody sure I did it well. So I took some lessons from a fantastic stripper; watched a load of other girls work and moved on to clubs like this—the decent ones. Of course I know it's still a nude show, but it's a good one and frankly I'm proud to be in it."

Selena feels that, although it might seem a contradiction being a stripper and a lesbian, her personal sex life actually works for her in the clubs, because she's everyone's girl and

belongs to no-one in particular. 'I like men very much and can't see any harm in giving them a bit of fun. I'm very friendly here with a lot of the regulars and I miss them and they miss me if I'm not in the club. Funnily enough—and it isn't just me that's said it—I think being unaware of men sexually makes me a better stripper and it's one of the reasons I top the bill here. Take a girl who's man-mad, and a lot of them are. She'll get hung up on one particular person in the audience and tend to play to him and cut out the others, and if he reacts, which he's bound to, she'll get embarrassed and coy and this will spoil her act.

"Next thing you know, she's meeting him in the club for a drink as an *individual*. Not as just another guy. She may start going to bed with him. Then she'll become nervous and fluttery and play to him only. The 'cheek,' if you like, has gone out of her act and it becomes boring to everyone but one person in the audience. I don't give a stuff about any of them that way, yet care about them all. So I flirt with everyone, make them *all* feel like my 'special guy.' It's hard to say how. It's the lift of an eyebrow, a look in the eye, a certain wave of the hand directed nowhere in particular. Any one of them can take it as directed to him, personally.

"You see, because I'm not aware of them as sexual objects, I don't care about being naked in front of them. I'd die in a room full of women because they make me aware of my body. I hate it when women come into the club. I'd honestly rather they didn't, even in this liberated age. They spoil the men's fun if they're prissy, and embarrass

everyone if they're out to be 'one of the boys.' I can't think why men bring them in really. Stripping's just a job like any other, but with women there it's different for me.

"I once went to a predominantly female party. At a certain point of drunkenness, some of the girls started to strip—just fooling around. It was all quite amusing and my mind was 1,000 miles away from work. Then someone suggested I should show them how to do it. I couldn't. Not even under the influence and for a hundred quid. They couldn't understand why—after all, I did it every other night, didn't I? But I'm so totally wrapped up in women that to strip just like that for all of them—not just for the woman I love—would be ghastly to me. I couldn't contemplate it."

"Strangely enough, after all the initial difficulties, I think that Terry is proud of me now I'm in a decent club. I remember not so long ago, I was working in a nightclub, not a strip place, the ones where you just go down to G-strings and stickers. When I saw Terry afterwards, I thought she was going to explode with rage. It seems that some guy had made a derogatory comment about my tits, and she'd wanted to punch him in the mouth. She doesn't come into the club very often but gets rather pleased when she does. I've got a good act and a good name. She says that she looks at all the men in the audience and feels they can want and dream as much as they want, but it'll be she who's taking me home and making love to me."

"Done well, stripping is an art form. A movement made one way can look incredibly vulgar. Alter it slightly and it's provocative. I detest the kids who come out from behind a

shop counter in search of more money and decide that easy money's to be made by stripping. They take their clothes off as if they're in a crowded store's changing room. They look deadpan and about as sexy as yesterday's knickers."

"Do you know just how many hours of rehearsal and hard work go into a good show? It's at least six weeks. And often includes Sundays. Not forgetting that you have to do the regular show, meanwhile, in the afternoons and evenings. Nor overlooking the bandcalls, the costume fittings, the special effects and lighting. Do you wonder that it makes me sick when the rubbish the 'tat' joints put on mindlessly is all lumped together with us under the same 'striptease' heading? The amateurs don't even know what they're going to do until they get out on to the so-called 'stage'.

"I don't know how long it takes to produce a sexy magazine but, believe me, *this* is a pretty hard way to make a living. During rehearsals it's a seven-day week—plus all that body make-up to take off when you get home. It makes me mad when I hear people saying it's a cushy job, only slightly better than whoring. Mind you, I've nothing against whores, providing they're good at what they're doing. But we do tend to get lumped together. Show me a whore who works the hours I do and I'll bow down to her. Certainly I've got a contract here, but Christ I work for it."

Selena was now thrusting her dainty feet into thigh-high black boots and lashing a terrifying-looking thonged whip through the air for practice. She said: "I know why I do it and I think it's pretty harmless. The others? Talk to them. There are so many reasons why girls go into stripping. One keeps a lousy husband. One's got no husband, but a small baby dependent on her. Another one has ageing parents whom she supports—but who'd age once and for all if they knew how the rent was being paid. A lot are like me. For one reason or another they didn't make it in the 'traditional' show business world, but have a slight exhibitionistic streak.

"And what's the harm? If we get a man excited, it's only his wife who'll benefit. We're not allowed to follow through—officially anyway. This isn't the type of club where little men in grey coats with grey faces come in to wank between races. It'd be very quickly over if they tried it—we have very efficient torch-throwers—people who illuminate the guy, which usually brings him to an abrupt halt. I think a strip show is a nice way for a man to pass the early evening. And if it makes his home life that much better, is it any different from a sexy magazine?

"If a man gets excited, he's obviously a better lover, more ready to make it. I only do



alpha

the PLUS magazine

more **GIRLS**
 more **BIG NAMES**
 more **INFORMATION**
 more **IDEAS**
 more **FUN**
 more **CONFESSIONS**
 more **HUMOUR**
 more **STYLE**

To make sure you never miss another issue SUBSCRIBE
 (or place a regular order with your newsagent)

To: Alpha subscriptions, BCM/Alphabetic, London WC1V 6XX.

Please enter me as a subscriber to Alpha magazine and mail me 12 consecutive issues. I enclose cheque/postal order (payable to Alphabetic Editions Ltd) for £6.

NAME (in block capitals) _____

ADDRESS _____

**The great Danish bestseller
 that outdates other manuals**

Sexual Techniques

AN ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO LOVE

by Mogens Toft.

Photos John Fowlie

This famous book features unretouched full-page photographs of the most satisfying coital positions. It is an honest and clear depiction of physical lovemaking between a virile young man and a shapely young woman.

Actual photos are used—no pinmen or obscure sketches. Each picture has frank text explaining the advantages of the position shown. After its sensational publication in Denmark, which led to a relaxation of the country's obscenity laws, it became a bestseller in most European countries. Now in its tenth printing in Britain, and selling out fast.

Mail order price: £2.50 plus 15p postage & packing. Every copy dispatched in plain wrapper. Send for yours now to **CONCORD PRODUCTS.**



To: Concord Products, c/o BCM-Alphabetic, London, WC1V 6XX.
 Please send me *Sexual Techniques—an Illustrated Guide to Love*. I enclose cheque/postal order/cash for £2.50 plus 15 p.p.p. (Cheques payable to Concord Products please).

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

THE POSTAL FRIENDSHIP CLUB

**CONFIDENTIAL
 DISCREET
 INDIVIDUAL
 and
 PERSONAL**



attention is given each of our clients. Private introductions arranged by post for all ages with dignity and personal care. Post the enclosed coupon or write to me personally for full details.

MISS CHIDGEY, (Dept A4)
 124, Keys Avenue, Bristol BS7 0HL

Please send me free details without obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

The erotic picturebooks of MISS TUPPY OWENS

Candid nude
 photography of
 young love.

Send for lists of
 these exciting and
 beautiful books.

To: Miss Tuppy Owens,
 Cand Haven Ltd (Dept A), London, W1A 4ZB.

Please send me particulars of your erotic photographic books. I am over 18. I enclose stamped addressed envelope.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

the preliminaries. A whore goes to be bed with a guy and he goes all the way with her. We're only here to titillate—it's someone else who'll benefit from the show. Listen to the conversation going on as we're sitting here—is it sexy? It's more likely to be about what's the best buy at the local market; that someone's husband's got a better job; the painting class has started a cubist study; or what someone should buy her Mum for her birth-

day next week and so on. I suppose it's incongruous really—amid the whips, glued-on stickers, and thigh-length boots. We even had a python in here last week! But it's really very harmless."

Selena adjusted her cat-like mask, which gave her a menacing appearance, far removed from her own laughing, natural expression.

"Funny, isn't it, to think there are all those men out there waiting for me to turn them on.

And I will and we'll all be happy—me because I'm doing my job well . . . them because, well, they are. And yet, despite this ridiculous get up, all these boots and boobs and whips, all I really want to do is to get home. Like any other person who works for a decent living. And when I get home, believe me, the real love I make, the real sex I have has nothing to do with stripping!"

Selena, flounced out, whip lashing. **Ω**

The Shamateurs Gyn and Cyn

They just like a good time—once a week with a man who can afford to pay for it, and fancies both of them

BY IAIN SCARLET

It is almost certain that next Friday evening Ginny and Cyn will be wine and dining somewhere expensive—at the expense of a man they probably haven't yet met. And next morning, as surely as day follows night, they will awake three to a bed. Two girls, one man.

"Except for summer holidays and things like Christmas we haven't missed out more than two or three times in the last two years," says Cynthia matter-of-factly.

"But we're not like you think we are," says Ginny with a giggle. "We're not—are we, Cyn?"

Cynthia doesn't smile. "Not if he thinks we're prostitutes we're not."

I begin to make defensive sounds but am immediately interrupted by the irrepressible Ginny:

"It's just that we like a good time and come up West to get it. And anyway we only do it once a week. Just to make a break, see?"

"It's different up here from where we live," the sombre Cynthia puts in. "You can't do nothing in our part without everyone knowing about it. And the boys themselves only want you for a quick jump between having a pint and goin' home to watch Match of the Day."

"And anyway they'd think it odd if we told 'em we only enjoy it proper when we're together."

Ginny is giggling again. Cynthia remains steadfastly serious. "They'd think we were lesbian," she murmurs.

The same thought had crossed my own mind. Mainly because of Cynthia herself, the way she looked and moved, the way her eyes were constantly watching Ginny.

"But we're not," she adds firmly. "Not lesbian, I mean."

They are a strange pair, so different. Ginny is tiny, frothy pretty, a bundle of giggling energy. Flighty! Her grey saucer eyes are

never still, always flashing their mischievous signals, more often than not full of careless laughter. She is scatter brained, Ginny; but there's no doubt that where she leads so Cynthia will follow. Which is odd in itself, because Cynthia is clearly the more intelligent of the two. And, physically as well as mentally, she's infinitely the more impressive—almost beautiful in a serious, rather heavy kind of way.

"She's got a lovely body, has Cyn—far better than mine," says Ginny. "Real good tits, she's got. And thighs to give any man a wet dream. Trouble is, she can't have a man between 'em now—she gets pregnant at the drop of a ruddy hat. How many is it now, Cyn? Four times?"

"I'm allergic to the Pill," says Cyn. "I've tried everything else but nothing seems to work for sure. It's lucky I've always managed to catch on early though. They've only once had to do a proper operation."

"So I get rations for both of us!" Ginny is bubbling over. "Well, we had to do something. So we decided I do the on-the-back bit and she'd do all the rest. Division of labour, see. Not that she misses out altogether, mind. We've found ways, haven't we, Cyn?"

Cyn nods, but still without a smile. "I've got a vibrator; Ginny bought it me."

"Sends the men wild, it does. 'Specially when they're already a bit spent but still trying! It's amazing what turns 'em on. We're always learning, see. Hardly a weekend in the last two years when we haven't found out something new. Isn't that right, Cyn?"

Cynthia offers a slow dutiful nod.

"That's right, Ginny. All of two years now."

It was one summer evening in 1972 that Ginny and Cyn and their boyfriends entered one of those restaurants better known for its gossip-column mentions than *Good Food Guide* write-ups and asked for a table. A sympathetic waiter, realizing that the menu

mystified all four, guided them through it. An equally sympathetic *sommelier* did the same for them with the wine list.

"Honest, it was fab!" remembers Ginny. "We'd never been in a place like that before and there we were, all dressed up and hungry fit to bust. Ooh, the food! It was just like you read about. Wine, too! And we didn't have to worry about what we ordered 'cos we'd all chipped in a fiver to the kitty. Tommy had it, didn't he Cyn?"

"That's right. Tommy had it."

"Anyway we were sitting drinking coffee and I was having a Tia Maria with loads of cream on top when Tommy went off to the toilet. He was away a bit but we didn't think much about it except that the food might've been a bit rich for him. So we told Alan to go and look for him, make sure he was all right."

"That was the last we saw of either of them that night. So it was just Ginny and me sitting there when they brought the bill."

"It was me who said to the waiter that I thought they'd left us to the washing up. But I was only joking, mind."

"The headwaiter didn't think it was much of a joke, though. He sent someone off to look in the gents and when he came back it was obvious by his face that we were in trouble."

"Also the place had filled up by then and everyone all round us kept looking, then whispering."

They were enjoying it," Cyn puts in bitterly.

"We weren't! It was awful. I was near to tears. I mean, I only had about a pound in my purse and Cyn had no more. And we didn't have things like cheque books in those days—not that we had any money anyway."

"I thought they were going to call the police."

"So did I. Then I saw this man call the head-

waiter to him. He was sitting alone about four tables away. Anyway I saw them talking, then the headwaiter came back and said the gentleman had asked for our bill to be added to his own, and would we like to join him for a drink. But I couldn't—I was too embarrassed. I just wanted to get away."

"The next thing was the headwaiter saying that the gentleman's chauffeur would give us a lift and he'd be outside in five minutes."

"So we rushed off to the ladies' and I started crying with embarrassment even before we got there."

"I think the waiters still thought it had all been deliberate—that we'd never had any intention of paying."

"Even if Tommy and Alan had stayed we still couldn't have paid. The bill was nearly £40, see. And we'd only got £20 in the kitty plus whatever we could've raked up between us. But £40!"

"It'd never occurred to us that a bill could come to all that. And there'd been no prices on our menus—only on Tommy's. He was doing the talking for all of us, and the trouble was he hadn't done any adding up until it was too late."

"That's why he'd disappeared. He'd got scared, see."

"We were lucky to get rescued."

"I'll say! Nice chap, he was, too. And a fab car! With a chauffeur and a partition and him already sitting in the back when we got there. It was like one of them cars the Queen rides in!"

"Anyway he asked if we'd like to go and have a drink with him. He said it would be a pity for our whole evening to be spoilt just because of something that wasn't our fault."

"It was me that said yes," giggles Ginny. "Just riding in that car made me feel all right again. And I was curious. He must've been about 50 and made of money with a huge car like that. So I wanted to see what his house would be like."

"It was beautiful. Really was. Lovely old furniture and lots of pictures. And rugs everywhere."

"Sank in up to your knees!"

"Well—ankles, anyway."

"And the bathroom. Like something out of Hollywood, it was. I couldn't wait to have a bath in it. Honest!"

"So she asked him if she could." For the first time I saw Cynthia smile. It transformed her. She was suddenly alive, suddenly attractive. "It's the sort of thing she does," she adds with affectionate tolerance.

"Well, you had a bath, too," says Ginny.

"Only because you insisted. And it was you invited him in."

"He brought the champagne. I'd never had it before—champagne, I mean. And that music!"

"Handel's Water Music." Laconically.

"Whatever it was it was just right. And the bath was big enough for all of us anyway. Huge!"

"It was you suggested we stay all night."

"He wanted it."

"He got it! Plenty of it."

"So did you. We all did."

"I know. But I had to gobble to get him going again."

THE BATH WAS HUGE - BIG ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US AND HIM TOO. HE BROUGHT THE CHAMPAGNE IN

"Well, you're good at that."

"I'm not complaining. It was just the first time. . . ." Resignedly.

"We were all tipsy."

"Not in the morning we weren't. It was you had him in the morning when I was still asleep. You told me!"

"I got pregnant." Laconically again.

"He'd forgotten more than we ever knew."

"Then."

Both Ginny and Cyn had been shocked, however, when on the Saturday their rescuer had offered them money.

"He didn't seem to understand that we weren't like that. Grateful yes. But we hadn't done it for money. Anyway, we'd had a fab time."

By arrangement they'd met the man the following Friday. He'd not only fed them well but also taken them on to a night-club. Their first.

"But it wasn't so good when we got back to his place," remembers Ginny. "We had fun and all that, but it was just what had happened the last time. It wasn't exciting any more."

"It was predictable," opines Cyn. "There wasn't any mystery left."

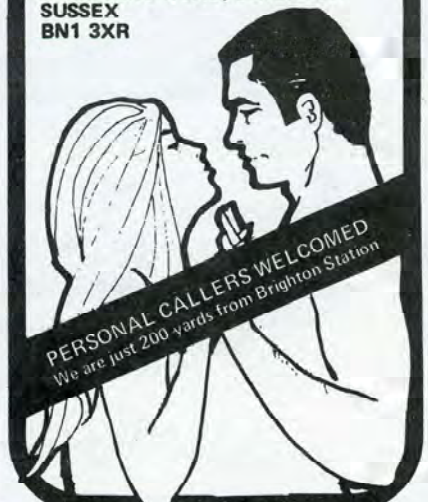
The pair had, however, had a taste of the "good life," and they wanted more. It was Ginny who, through her job as a manicurist in a gentlemen's hairdressers, found the right person.

"He was a regular, once a fortnight. Hair-trim and manicure. Middle-aged and rolling—always tipped me a quid when most only got as far as five bob or so. He'd asked me out before and I'd always said no. So this time I said yes provided I could bring my friend and there'd just be the three of us and we could all have a good dinner somewhere. He seemed a bit put out at first but I got him round."

MARITAL - AIDS -

- 7" VIBRATOR** — The vibrator is undoubtedly the most successful sex aid ever produced. Whether required to tingle and stimulate or soothe and satisfy it will provide fantastic new sensations for male or female. 7" long x 1½" dia. £1.50
- 10" VIBRATOR** — King-size for king-size sensations. Similar to other models but with an extra 3" in length. £2.25
- NON-DOCTOR VIBRATOR** — The ultimate in quality and luxury, this Japanese model comes complete with four interchangeable heads to vary the sensations produced. Very quiet and penetrating action. £4.95
- VIBRATOR SLEEVE** — A pliable latex sleeve which will fit any of the above vibrators to give additional visual realism. Available in life-like flesh colour, or black if preferred. £1.95
- SUPER HERMIT VIBRATOR** — The most provoking of all, this vibrator is moulded in shiny rubber, and apart from the pulsations, its mechanism gives it a fascinating snake-like gyrating action. £4.95
- DELAY SPRAY** — The latest aerosol product for men to reduce sensitivity during love-making and help avoid premature ejaculation. Over 250 applications. £1.75
- CLITORAL STIMULATOR** — Worn round the base of the male organ during intercourse, this rubber cushion with its soft rubber profile helps, through direct action on the female clitoral area, to heighten desire and allows the woman to reach a climax far sooner. £1.35
- EXTENSION SHEATH** — A washable and reusable sheath with a solid tip which adds 1½" effective length to the male organ. £1.35
- PADDED SHEATH** — Apart from adding 1½" in length, this washable sheath adds girth as well. It also incorporates a special profile top which intensifies stimulation of the female clitoral area. Supplied with body belt. £2.95
- VACUUM DEVELOPER** — As asserted by a leading sexologist to be the only tested mechanical appliance that proved successful for the enlargement of the male organ. Available in three sizes, depending on circumference of penis: S (up to 12cm) M (up to 13cm) L (over 13cm) £4.25
- FRENCH TICKLERS** — These sheaths, with their added profiles of soft latex, help to heighten the sensitivity of the female vaginal tract. If you have never seen or tried one, you should — they really work! Women love them! Ten different shapes. One for 60p (our most popular shape) or six different for £2.50 or all ten for £4.00
- ERECTOR CREAM** — Helps erection capabilities and, if used regularly, encourages the swelling capacity (and therefore size) of the male organ. £1.35
- LOVE BOOST TABLETS** — Their formulation is designed to release the full energy potential of the body and increase vitality for sustained love-making. Taken 30 minutes before intercourse they combat fatigue and increase desire. £1.55
- COLOURED PROTECTIVES** — A fun item for the bedroom hours. 12 high quality sheaths — in six brilliantly different colours. You can be assured of many interesting effects! 75p
- BLACK PROTECTIVES** — Black is beautiful — try these and let your partner see for herself, 12 lubricated sheaths. 80p
- FEMALE HORMONE CREAM** — For full bust beauty and skin vitality. Contains the vital female hormones which contribute to breast development and nourishment of skin tissues. £1.95
- MALE HORMONE CREAM** — Contains the active hormone testosterone, which is absorbed directly through the skin. Regular use of the cream helps prevent shrinkage of the male organ and will also improve erection quality. £1.75
- VIBRATORY STIMULATOR** — The powerful sensations from this latex device assist the male to attain a firm erection prior to intercourse. It may also be utilised when solitary relief is prescribed. £4.95
- CRUTCHLESS PANTIES** — Present the woman in your life with this outrageous creation. It will do wonders for her libido — and yours too! In red and black lace it fits up to 38" hips. 80p
- FREE!!** With all orders over £5 in value — a Personal Vibe Massager (as described above). All you have to do to claim it is to state you have ordered from this advert and request your free massager.
- All goods sent promptly, post free, by first class mail. Our fully illustrated catalogue of marital aids will be included with all orders (or send stamp)

SUPERIA SUPPLIES (DEPT. A.6)
37 QUEENS ROAD, BRIGHTON
SUSSEX
BN1 3XR



"Only because you told him I was good at French."

"Well, I had to say something, didn't I? And you were quite good by then. Anyway, it was before we knew you were up the spout."

Their escort wined and dined them well, then took them to a penthouse flat owned by the company of which he was a director.

"It wasn't like a home at all but it was really nice. Mostly it was used for cocktail parties and that sort of thing but there were bedrooms for directors and that sort of thing. It wasn't a patch on the other place we'd been, mind. And two couldn't have got into the bath, never mind three."

Again, predictably, they were offered money the following day. Again they refused.

"It seemed to upset him. It was like he wanted to pay. Also it made him a bit suspicious. If we didn't want money what did we want? That's what he kept asking."

"It was useless," puts in Cyn, "to explain that we'd had what we came for. A good time seeing how the other half lived and a not bad time in bed."

"He cancelled his next appointment at the salon and I've never seen him from that day to this. It's funny, that is. I mean, I wouldn't have minded seeing him again. He got better as time went on. Woke me up at five in the morning and really got me going, he did."

"It was him that gave me that dildo, remember?" says Cynthia. "But that was in the morning when he was real whacked."

Two or three weeks later, however, the pair did accept money. It was by then clear that

Cynthia was in need of an abortion. Fifty pounds it was going to cost. Not in one of the recognized clinics but just around the corner from where they lived.

"She's the abortion queen of the East End," says Ginny, giggling again. "Everyone round our way knows her. She even does it on credit, so much a week if necessary. Been at it for years, she has. Never been known to make a mistake."

"I only went to her that once, though. There's not much fun lying on someone's kitchen table. . . ."

"Balls! It took only a few minutes. I was there, I know."

That was the only occasion, they both reckon, that they've ever accepted hard cash. On the other hand neither is shy about admitting the number of presents they've accepted.

"Sometimes they're just forced on you," says Cynthia.

"Refusing seems to cause all sorts of complications," giggles Ginny. "And anyway why shouldn't we? We never ask for them. I got a lovely bracelet once. Real nice it was. Then the clasp broke and I had to take it to a jeweller. First thing he asked me was was it insured. So I said no. Next thing is he's offering me 20 quid for it. Well, I hadn't known it was worth that much but I still said no again."

"I made her take it to someone up West," puts in Cyn. "He repaired it proper and gave her an insurance valuation certificate for £100. Lovely piece, he said it was."

The same overnight host had also given Cyn a present. But she hadn't bothered to have it valued.

"What's it matter? Five pounds or £500—it don't worry me."

Ginny bursts into paroxysm of giggles. "He still thinks we're on the game," she says.

"Well, we're not."

"It's not the money. It's the fun."

"And the experience. We get taken to places we'd never see if we just stayed with our own kind."

"And we get variety!"

"Yes, we try never to go with the same man more than twice at most. It makes it more interesting that way."

"And less complicated," giggles Ginny. "Even second time round they start getting possessive. Asking about where you live, who your boyfriend is, what your dad does. What does it matter to them? We're not setting up house with 'em."

In fact both girls are daughters of factory workers, both get on well with their parents—"If only it wasn't all telly and the pub"—and both go out during the week with local boys.

"Well, you've got to do a bit of courting, haven't you? Otherwise people think you're a bit funny."

"Like lesbian." Bitterly.

"Nobody'd think you less if they saw you having a gargle! Make a ruddy meal of it you do." Ginny turns to me. "She's randy as a bitch on heat when she's getting a bloke ready for me second or third time round. And when she gets going with that vibrator she's groaning fit to bust. She gets spent oftener than I do myself."

"Oh, do stop, Ginny."

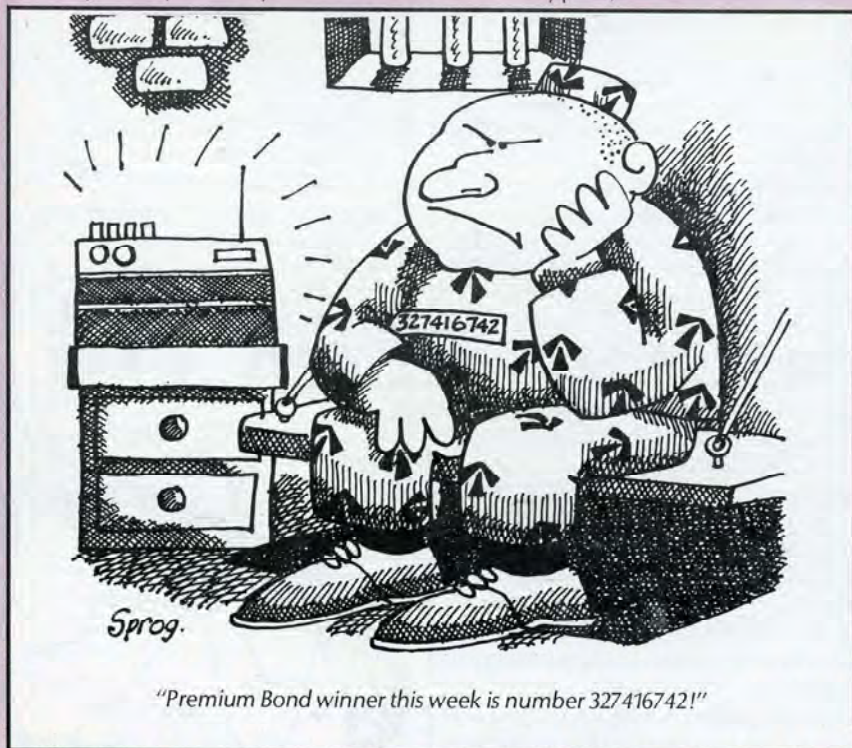
"Well, it's true. Yet it's me that does all the hard work. It's me that gets the blokes while you're sitting at a typewriter all day. And it's me that gets everything arranged, does all the explaining."

Ginny and Cyn were brought up together in neighbouring streets. They left school at the same time. Then their paths diverged. Ginny went initially to work as a hairdresser, Cyn to a clerking job in a factory. She learned to type on the Day Release scheme and eventually Ginny switched to manicuring. They both earn good money; neither is greedy but they do share an insatiable curiosity.

It is the satisfaction of this curiosity, one suspects, that is more important to their joint ego than all the presents they receive.

"Presents are just mementoes," says Cyn. "They remind you of whoever it was that weekend."

"And," giggles Cyn, "make you remember that he was good. Or too often, no ruddy good." Ω



"Premium Bond winner this week is number 327416742!"

Talent and persistence make her a girl you haven't seen the last of
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LITTLE CAESAR

JANET



You've probably already glimpsed Janet Adler in her only film role so far. She appears in "The Hot Girls", briefly previewed in Alpha 5. Lately she's been keeping her fingers crossed for a part in the West End production of the Broadway review "Let My People Come", for which she was shortlisted after auditioning. "Show business was always my intended career. I went to a stage school

in Brighton for 12 years when I was a child. I'd have gone on to RADA, but I left suddenly just before my O-levels." Janet's abrupt departure came when she was expelled ("I knew a lot of boys in the town whom I met during the holidays, and I was considered a bad influence. I don't know what they thought I'd done—I was still a virgin when I left"). Thwarted in acting, Janet took a quick course in typing. "I specialize now in legal work. I'm fully qualified but I don't do it full-time. I take temporary jobs so that I've time for modelling and going after acting openings." It might raise a legal eyebrow or two if the grey pinstripe gentlemen for whom she prepares legal





JANET

JANET



documents knew that her modelling interludes, like the stage part she's after, all require her services starkers. Not that we expect any complaints when they see what they've been missing. At 5ft. 1in., Janet's blend of auburn hair, green eyes, and 33-23-33 curves make an eyeful to please any man. But there's more to Janet than looks. She designs clothes, used to sing with a pop group ("The best





we did was second on a bill topped by The Faces"), and once did go-go dancing at the four-day Plumpton pop festival. She's also a crack swimmer—"I was Brighton & Hove district breaststroke champion when I was 12—that's where I got my boobs!" With so much going for her, Janet makes modest demands of a man. "He must be loving and affectionate and really need me in practical ways." She adds: "Money would be nice too."

Ω

JANET





Raymond Baxter introduces a walking, talking computerized doll: science has nearly all the answers.

TV's MR TOMORROW

The anchor man of TV's longrunning things-to-come show is a dedicated science fan with a passion for flying, who lives in an old house filled with antiques—and admits that he can do nothing with his own hands beyond “clobber things together, put up fences or do the garden—anything that needs a labourer.”/ Interviewer: Alan Radnor

Alpha: Did you expect *Tomorrow's World*, now in its tenth year, to last so long?

Baxter: We knew we were on to a good thing when we made the first trial run of six. In those days, however, the format was different. I was with BBC Outside Broadcasts 10 years ago when Aubrey Singer (now Controller BBC2) suggested a programme called “Eye on Research” and asked me to join him. As we were using outside broadcast equipment we used to travel around the country visiting laboratories. We went to places like the Cavendish and radio astronomy labs. At Vickers in Manchester we met Professor Laithwaite, who was doing some experiments with “things” called linear accelerators, which no-one had heard of in those days. “Eye on Research” was an

intermediate series, dealing with fundamental research at a pretty high level, and after it was over we'd go away and lick our wounds. But about three of us realized that we had the basis of a good weekly magazine programme on the latest developments in science and technology, reported at a more popular level. It took a long time to get a trial series, but finally we managed it and we've been on the air ever since! I thought there was a major public interest in science and technology at the time, but this view was not widely held at Television Centre. There were those around who thought that science was incomprehensible and, anyway, only a passing whim! There was a big antagonism among the arts boys for the sciences, which has been progressively eroded

during the past decade. It still exists, but it isn't as dangerous as it used to be.

Alpha: Today the programme always seems to deal with technological developments as opposed to fundamental scientific research.

Baxter: Well, pure science is always more difficult to get across on television. It's more difficult to find a “story” suitable for *Tomorrow's World* as it has evolved, and it's also very difficult to get scientists to talk about unpublished work—which is the whole essence of the programme. We want things at the early prototype stage. But we are at pains to redress this balance of science versus technology whenever possible.

Alpha: Explaining complicated ideas in simple language is a knack. How did you acquire it?

MR TOMORROW

Baxter: My father taught science, and my earliest recollections are of going round his labs and being told what everything was for. So I suppose I grew up in a scientific atmosphere. Also, though it may sound pompous, I've always been interested in communication. I wanted to go into communication, but as I couldn't spell very well journalism was out! So it was broadcasting or nothing.

Alpha: How is *Tomorrow's World* put together?

Baxter: It's a team job, but the chap with the ultimate say is the editor. I personally have always demanded through my broadcasting career the right of total responsibility for everything I say. And as I have a professional interest in the programme it may be that my presence in the team is not altogether irrelevant to what goes in and the way it is treated.

Alpha: How do you hear of new products and processes?

Baxter: All sorts of ways! We can't work through the patents office directly, so when an inventor informs us of his idea we ask him to patent it. We do a lot of research ourselves, though we don't use a large team. The whole concept of *Tomorrow's World*—and I think that this has contributed to its popularity—is that the group working on it must be enthusiastic, able to work with each other and to go around the whole time with ears flapping. Of course, we've made a lot of friends over the years in universities, colleges and centres of research. Saying you are from *Tomorrow's World* is an excellent visiting card, and gives you access to all sorts of places. Every now and then the telephone rings at my home—I'm now freelance—and some chap says: "You won't remember me, but five years ago on your excellent programme you demonstrated my moustrap. After the programme I mentioned a rat-trap I was working on and you told me to ring you when I had it perfected. That's just what I'm doing." When that happens it's game, set and match! You've hit the nugget. We take pains to preserve that kind of relationship and in many ways we are old-fashioned and always try to be courteous. I don't see any point in throwing a fast ball at a guest. If a professional broadcaster is entertaining an amateur there is an onus on him to do everything he can to make that man feel at home.

Alpha: Do you always feel at home in front of the camera? There was a time when you demonstrated a machine for

measuring heart beats, and you seemed to be nervous.

Baxter: Definitely! If you are trying hard to do something—run a race, fly a plane or make a point of view at a board meeting—your pulse rate goes up if you are a normal fit human being. If not, you're not trying very hard. I'm not saying that you should give the impression of being ill at ease and nervous—do that and you've failed. Sometimes when I'm demonstrating something on the programme and see my hand shake I get furious, but at least I know why.

Alpha: As *Tomorrow's World* goes out live, there must be times when things go wrong.

Baxter: You can't work with James Burke for four years and not have something go wrong! Seriously though, my worst moment came when I was demonstrating a concrete-splitting machine. We brought in a huge piece of concrete to the studio and we couldn't rehearse the technique as it would have smashed the specimen. The machine was basically a power-driven wedge which was inserted

in a hole in the concrete. We made the hole and the director wanted me to stand on the concrete and insert the wedge so that he could come in close with a camera showing my feet and the splitter. The idea was to show the machine making a hairline crack in the concrete in front of me which would cause the concrete to fall away. What actually happened was that the concrete in front remained *in situ* and the stone behind me split. I fell backwards!

Alpha: Can you explain why such a popular programme goes out at a time when many people aren't yet at home, and is never repeated?

Baxter: The previous controller of BBC1, Paul Fox, when asked this question, paid us the compliment of saying that the programme was a "grabber." In other words, if people switched on to watch us, they would stay on BBC1 all evening. I find this school of thought extraordinary and beyond credibility, but who am I to dispute it? It's very flattering, but I'm getting on a bit for all this light cavalry stuff. Still, even with the

HOW I STUMBLER INTO RADIO

I stumbled into broadcasting. At the end of the war I found myself an unemployed fighter pilot based in Cairo with no idea of what to do with the rest of my life. I was keen on aviation—and still am—and wanted to stay on in the service, but all the RAF could offer me was four years' commission and seven years' reserve or seven years' commission and four years' reserve. That was no good, as I would be either 26 or 29 when I came out! I'd always wanted to fly since I was a teenager and around 1935–36 my father reckoned that before long I would be fighting Germans. So I thought I would like to be a fighter pilot. I saved up my pennies and waited until Alan Cobham's Flying Circus came to our town. For 50p they would take you up and round the airfield. When I got back and told my father I'd been flying and that's what I wanted to do, he wished me the best of luck! I'm not at all a warlike person and neither was my father, but it was a question of necessity. After the war I felt that it would be a waste of time to stay in the RAF—but the funny thing is that a close friend decided to stay, and he's just retired as an air vice-marshal!

I was just married, and had set up home in the Solomon Pasha, Cairo, and to give me some time to think had postponed my demob by three months. At the Forces Broadcasting Station in Cairo I asked if they had any jobs going. "Read this," they said and handed me a sheet of paper. It was the NAAFI News. I read it,

and they told me I had a job! A couple of weeks later my wing commander sent for me. "Got a posting for you here, Raymond," he said "HQ Welfare—something to do with broadcasting. Is that right?" I said it was correct. He looked at me with a puzzled expression on his face. "Extraordinary! Scarcely a job for a man!" But it was the start of my long haul in broadcasting. As there weren't many people involved in broadcasting in Cairo at the time, I found myself C.O. within three weeks. That in turn led to my being posted to Hamburg as Deputy Director of the Forces Network, which was part of BBC Overseas Service. I was learning about the business and at the same time had to teach others. It turned out to be about the best all-round education I could have possibly had. We took on many remarkable people in those days—I can remember giving a promising young flying officer called Cliff Michelmores his first job; and there was Robin Boyle, Trevor Hill, Jimmy Kingsbury and John Jacobs. There was a tremendous amount of talent around and I think the war was responsible for helping to produce it. What war does is to unify the generation of the day in a particular way which burgeons out after the war ends. This doesn't mean to say that it wouldn't have happened anyway, but if there is any urge for self-expression, I think the tremendous experience of being involved in a war is likely to stimulate it.

early start we've managed to build up a 10 million audience. We've also been paid the highest compliment by 'the opposition': at one time they put Popeye the Sailor against us, and you can't have more serious competition than that!

Alpha: What happens to the products you show? Some weeks before the Flixborough disaster, for example, you demonstrated a new fire-fighting foam which you claimed was ideal for chemical and oil blazes.

Baxter: We only show the prototypes of inventions. We are reporters in a highly competitive field and aim to be first with the news. If we are thinking of doing something and a daily newspaper prints it, we'll drop it immediately. We don't mind going for a tie with *New Scientist*—reluctantly! Apart from that, if we were to show things that are available on the market we'd be rightly accused of doing gratuitous commercials. Some years ago, I wondered just how many of the products we showed actually made it on the market, and so we did a survey. It turned out that 20 per cent of the items we thought important hit the marketplace. I was depressed about this until I phoned the secretary of the Institute of Patentees & Inventors and he told me that we had a stronger crystal ball than he thought, as he had reckoned only about 3 per cent would make it! He told me that of the patents he received less than 1 per cent ever reached the metal stage, which made me feel considerably better!

Alpha: Do you see science as a practical aid to solving human problems?

Baxter: I have positive and simplistic beliefs about this. It is my contention that of all the problems facing man at the moment—pollution, malnutrition, the population explosion—science and technology have, within the present state of human knowledge, potential solutions to 95–98 per cent of them. You can be rid of most of them within the present state of the art, let alone what advances are still to be made over the next decade. Whether these solutions will be adopted is a political issue. The proviso is whether society is prepared to accept the price—and not just in economic terms, but in involvement in its broadest sense. For example, there is a local authority not 150 miles from where I live which was polluting a river. I finally cornered the guy who was in charge and said: "Look at what you're doing!" He agreed, but said that if he had done it any other way the rates would have had to go up—so he thought he was working in the public interest! I don't know which way it would have gone if you had asked the rate-payers whether they would prefer 2p on the rates or a polluted river, but there

Nearly all our present problems—pollution, malnutrition, population explosion—can be solved with the scientific knowledge we now have

are now more and more people who are saying "Hold on! No more! Let's think about this—and if it means 2p on the rates we'll pay it!" The greatest danger of the future is non-involvement—but I reckon these days are numbered. The Orwellian fear of 1984 and everyone doing what Big Brother said isn't on any more.

Alpha: Isn't the mystique that surrounds scientists an obstacle to greater involvement?

Baxter: Absolutely! But I think it is breaking down already. Compared to 10 years ago when we started *Tomorrow's World* there is a definite easing of the communication barrier between the scientific world and the general public. This is a product of the education explosion—for instance, the average housewife who remembers the snotty-nosed kid at the next desk to hers may read that he has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. This puts a different perspective on the involvement of the average citizen with the highest echelons of the scientific community. On the other hand, there is a small group of scientists working on fascinating research who still refuse to speak to the press. This is because in the past sensationalist reporting has eroded projects before they were completed. The idea, which still exists among many media planners, that a scientist is incomprehensible anyway and can never communicate at a popular level is absurd. Once you find the world's greatest authority on anything you will not have a communication problem. He soon realizes the level of your comprehension and will pitch his conversation at that level. That, of course, raises an interesting question—in order to become the world's greatest living authority on something do you need to be a good communicator first, or do you become a good communicator because, as a leading expert, the onus of responsibility to communicate is so great that you make the effort? I turn off if any guy starts talking scientific gobbledegook at me. I reckon I've got the wrong man. I've found that if someone isn't too sure of his subject, there's an obvious temptation to hide behind a professional smokescreen. That isn't confined to scientists—you even find it in garages. The mechanic who blinds poor old Auntie Nelly with double talk about the carburettor is guilty of the same thing.

Alpha: Do you think technology has

improved the average citizen's life in the last decade?

Baxter: Without doubt, although it is difficult to put a precise statistic on it. What I think is dangerous is the tendency of present society to remove the peaks of human achievement. Of course, I'm in favour of removing the troughs of human suffering and squalor. But when you remove the peaks you have a breakdown, an undermining of order such as is happening in the USA and here in Britain. For example, I was appalled at the behaviour of the Tottenham Hotspur supporters in Holland recently. That was a national disgrace that could not have happened when I was young. I think it can be explained in terms of the truly great distinction between today and yesterday: universal mobility. It's happened so quickly. That's why it has produced some of the more disastrous effects of culture shock on a lot of people. Twenty years ago those kids could never have done what they did in Holland. For the first time in their lives they were transplanted from their narrow native environment to a far land, with money in their pockets, no exposure to local customs and manners, and with an emotive involvement to support their team. It was a different situation which they were culturally incapable of absorbing. You saw the same thing when the Trident crashed at Heathrow and police had to appeal for people to stay away. For the first time lots of people have cars and that means instant access to all sorts of environmental experiences which are new to them, which in turn produces culture shock.

Alpha: What do you consider the greatest scientific advance of the past decade, and the greatest potential danger?

Baxter: The discovery of antibiotics and their subsequent development must rank among the chief advances. The most frightening development is the use of chemicals in warfare, which is still not fully disclosed.

Alpha: It's said that science has failed to supply a moral substitute for religion, and so caused a moral breakdown.

Baxter: I can't see how the information we give on *Tomorrow's World* can contribute to any breakdown. In fact, I'd say the opposite was true and that we've helped make people more aware. Ten years ago, for example, we were talking about environmental pollution when few others had even heard of it. Now, we've had to lay off it, because everyone is jumping on the bandwagon. By providing scientific information we try to awaken people to the various aspects of collective responsibility.

Alpha: A lot of people are worked up

ENTER ESKIMO NELL



Deadeye Dick and Mexico Pete are not on the cast list, but "Eskimo Nell" is the title of the movie and the classic dirty doggerel is what it's all about. An all-star cast including Roy Kinnear, Anna Quayle, and Katy Manning disports itself in a new Stanley Long production with a plot in which amateurs try to make a blue movie of "Eskimo Nell". They end up making four different versions to suit different tastes: family, porno, gay western, and kung-fu musical! Just to keep things lively there's also a bank robbery along the way. If it sounds as though the story has strayed pretty far from the Frozen North of the poem, these on-set pictures show that Salon Productions have kept plenty of the spirit of the immortal opening lines: "When Deadeye Dick and Mexico Pete go out to have some fun. . ."

CINESEX





Tuppy Owens' Sex Scene

still it's the first time I've come across live music in such a seed-hole), and what music! Nobody listened but us, but we were enraptured by the almost encyclopaedic jazz skills of Dave Waggett on, appropriately enough the organ. Our splatter of applause led him to join us in his first break, when we launched into nostalgic dialogues on Ellington, Monk, Mancini, Van-Heusen and Kahn. We discovered that Mr Waggett had taught Stevie Windward (of Traffic) how to play the piano, and had worked with several great artistes. Working at the strip club each night allowed him to be free all day to write music and enjoy his family, away from the musical rat-race of the big cities.

Later we watched Cecilia, a happy little bundle of flesh, who stripped twice during the night. Even the second time round one couldn't believe it! The audience were entranced, watching her as the broom handle was worked up between her thighs (never actually going in) and she pawed at her own tits (mainly to divert the rivers of sweat, I theorized), and whipped off layer upon layer of G strings.

Who invented the Jock Strap? Alfred Hitchcock, silly; just one of the jokes from comedian "Wandering Walter" who wanders around Lancashire putting on shows for stag nights, taking a couple of strippers with him. He provides what the boys want—good dirty stuff. It's worth joining the cricket club for, though he has to keep it legal, so not too hot. There, in the cosy atmosphere of the club, where for months there's been nothing but the odd cricket box slipped over the precious organ, all of a sudden there's a strange Suzy jiggering her titties in your face and almost placing her bare bottom on your knee. It pains me to know I'll never be allowed to witness such an event, unless I take to performing as a career, that is.

Oil town

Having read the *Evening News* report on Aberdeen, I thought it was about time I took another trip up there to see how the vice was really developing in the oil capital. I had expected girls on every corner and pictured The Prohibition as some enormous night club, instead of the tiny hamburger bar it really is. Aberdeen looks as pure as the snow which often drives over it in winter. Lots of girls around. Yes. Looking healthily in shop windows and waiting in bus queues. Looking happy and much like young teenage girls in other towns. A bit happier, maybe because their chances of finding a rich husband are

that much higher now.

But not a red light in view, not a strip club or even a clip joint. Travel westwards into the housing estates of Bucksburn and Northfields, and you'll find two enormous family-type pubs, the Clover Leaf and the Waterton. The barman of the Clover Leaf told me that last Friday he had packed 700 people in to watch that week's stripper. And the Waterton had been almost as full on the Sunday lunchtime!

41

Dear Tuppy

next to a single big coloured girl, who'd dig to have a drink with you in the pub, and get horny with you and let you make love to her. It seems stupid for you to be masturbating when you could be doing the real thing. Perhaps you might enjoy a book that came out a year or two ago called *The Lovers*, a picture book photographed by Tina Tranter about a beautiful black girl and a white man. The girl has a shapely body with pretty enormous tits which have nipples like short cigars. You can buy this book by mail order from: Luxor Press Ltd., 90 The Boradway, London S.W.19, and it costs £4.75. The photographs are really beautiful, and the "Lovers" really make love.

Good luck with your personal hunt for a real live black girl of your very own—I do hope you make it.



Dear Tuppy: After reading your Sex scene in Alpha in which you say you are reviewing sex aids, I should like to ask your opinion on inflatable rubber dolls. I recently bought one advertised as "Judy the blow up doll." I was amazed that anyone should have the nerve to offer such rubbish. There are many lonely men such as myself, who could find such a doll if well made and realistic-looking, which they could be with a little more trouble a great comfort and preferable to masturbating in the ordinary way. After all the object is to perform as near as possible the natural sex act to obtain pleasure and relief, which you all say is healthy and not perverted. Can you tell me if there are any really good dolls on the market, and what is your opinion of their use? Is it a perversion?—J.B., Worcs.

Dear J.B.: I agree that the Judy Doll is an absolute joke. It seems madness that a two-year-old baby girl should be allowed a beautifully made "real hair and breasts" little dolly, and that a grown man should be offered such a tasteless, badly finished, unattractive lifesize doll. The reason is that we humans have not quite decided that sex is an acceptable

So clean Aberdeen has saucy suburbs.

What is happening is that people (strip-club owners, one suspects) have grown bored with the traditional striptease, and the girls have wanted to dance to rock'n'roll. So they shed their clothes any old how, and dance as they please. The old striptease dance is dying out. But I claim it's too good to lose! No new dance has recently swept the world. My proposition is "The Strip." What could be better to get the party going if the man faced the woman, and they stripped and teased each other revolving those shoulders, rotating those hips, massaging those thighs and flashing. It seems a natural step from streaking, and far more sociable.

activity. It is thought better for a man left alone in his bed at night to lie there and pray, than to take a lifesize doll into his arms and release his sexual tensions. I suspect that even if the manufacturer had set out to make a beautiful doll, he would finish up with something like Judy, because everyone who touches his project—the designer, the rubber mould-maker, the finisher, the packer and the salesman—has tainted the doll with his own share of guilt. Judy gets a shifty start to life. She certainly wasn't made with love; she was made with shame. And she is probably going to be used with shame too. I can't imagine any guy leaving her propped up on the cushions of his bed, Vaseline jar in her nasty round rubber fingers, for his visitors to admire.

I would make the doll a bendy-toy, so you could fix her arms and legs around you, and even open her mouth out into an orgasm. I would give her a soft wig on the head and on the crotch. She would have skin that's soft to touch, and tits that could be pushed around and squeezed. And I would carry out research to try and produce a real sex-smell cream to rub into her. There's no reason why she shouldn't be able to say "I'm coming" when you rock her, like little dolls say "Mama." I would sell my doll dressed in nylon stockings and suspenders, split-crotch panties and a frilly blouse/nightie. This would make her more warm and cuddly, don't you think? Wouldn't it feel nicer to be caressing her in clothes made of soft materials, rather than the cold skin of her plastic body? But then, you'd have to wash her clothes sometimes, and that might produce some strange looks from neighbours when they see them hanging on the line!

I would also produce a bendy-man, with a nice bendy erection and balls. In pyjamas. It seems to me a very natural thing for someone to need after losing a husband through death or divorce. Of course this substitution should, if at all possible, be temporary. Masturbation is not wrong, but I think I agree with D. H.

Lawrence in his essay on pornography and censorship that "... it always carries this secret feeling of futility and humiliation. ... In sexual intercourse there is give and take. ... But in masturbation there is only loss." He goes on to say that the only positive effect of masturbation in some people is a release of a certain mental energy, but that this is in a vicious circle of analysis and impotent criticism, or else a vicious circle of false and easy sympathy, sentimentalities.

No doubt most of the guilt associated with

masturbation is more a shame that the person concerned cannot find somebody else to have intercourse with. One feels almost rejected by mankind. And this feeling, if continued could make the person turn in on himself and maybe bitter towards society. Personally I'm not so sure that this danger is very large especially if he accepts his masturbation as a temporary fact of life.

Back to dolls: there is a better doll than Judy on the market. She's called "The Super Doll Mate," which means you can call her

Rachel or whatever you like. She has painted fingers and toes, a wig, a mouth that opens, a rectum and a fanny which is adaptable in size. She is made of a tough vinyl and is strong enough to take your weight when you mount her. You can wash her inside and out, and although she costs £77 including VAT, you could argue that she's cheaper than any wife! From Elixir, 12 High Street, Caterham, Surrey. This company also sell lots of "Judy's" at £10.50 including VAT—if you have burst your last one and can't afford £77. **Ω**

The Luck Of A QUEEN'S DRAGOON

27

charms and questioned Algy about her as if she had not been present.

"One more hand, Ransom," shouted the Major, "One more hand and then, damn it, I'm done for."

"Very well, then James," drawled our host, "Sing up, man. What shall it be?"

"Forty sovereigns against the bank," cried the Major.

By thunder it was a risk! If the Major won this, bang went all our hard-earned winnings for the night, and 10 or 15 sovs of our money as well. Jack and I sat stiff as Life Guards while the Major showed his cards. A five and a three. Oh, Jerusalem! Goodbye to all our sovereigns. Then Algy said, "Mes regrets, Major."

And there we were, looking at a seven and a two—a natural nine!

The Major took it all like a sportsman and paid up every penny. It was nothing to him with all his wealth, and he was sure of being recompensed very soon in quite another currency.

"Now," said Algy, "What do you all say to a game of out and out forfeits with Janet as our partner? Anyone who wants to be excused from his forfeit pays two sovs to each of the others."

No one disagreed. The first to draw a forfeit was the Major himself.

"Come, Janet," called Algy, "Choose a forfeit for Major James."

Our saucy soldier-girl got up and pointed to the far side of the room commandingly.

"Over there," said she, "and get down on your hands and knees."

We were all drunk enough to guess what was coming. Janet called the Major to heel and we ensured that he made his approach to her on all fours. James was howling and trumpeting as loudly as any of us. He charged across the room like a wild pig, ripped his jacket on a chair leg and brought a small table down with a crash. When he reached his young mistress she haughtily turned her back on him for a moment. Then with her urchin sauciness she

tossed her head a little, lent forward with her hands on her knees, and said, "Now kiss my arse!"

James looked at the broad seat of the blue tights and fairly threw himself on it.

"The other cheek!" we all shouted, "Turn the other cheek!"

Without waiting for Janet's bidding, James delivered a second resounding kiss on the other half of her tightly-covered bum, while the rest of us cheered him on.

The next hand decided the events of the night, for the forfeit fell on our charming girl herself. It was Dickson who was to name the forfeit.

"Let her undress herself," said he calmly, "and lie on the green baize with a blindfold over her eyes. She is then to guess which of our hands she feels on her."

Exactly the kind of forfeit which makes the game worth playing but of course Janet did her best to put on a show of indignation and to pretend that we were not playing for forfeits of that kind. However, a girl who has just made a drunk major kiss her arse is in no strong moral position.

Turning her back to us, Janet stooped and lowered her blue tights. As she turned to face us, the gaslight on her hips and thighs shone white as on fresh milk. Then off came the tunic showing another sweep of fair skin up to her shoulders, with her bobbies trembling a little as she moved. Their nipples were so firm that for all her pretended protests she was clearly tingling for caresses. She walked slowly to the table, her head held up and her belly a little rounded as she attempted to shield both her front and rear approaches from our gaze. At the table, however, she needed both hands to balance herself as she climbed on to it. Once she was lying on the green baize, Algy blindfolded her with a white silk bandana and told her to lie on her back with both hands above her head where I might hold them.

It was agreed that only one of us should touch her at a time, and Algy, as master of ceremonies, pointed silently at Lieutenant Dickson. Dickson stood over the girl and with his fingers drew patterns over the soft dunes of her breasts. Janet's breathing, silent before, was now just loud enough to be heard. She arched herself slightly, trying to press her bobbies against the hands. All the urchin impudence had gone from her now, to be replaced by more urgent womanly desires. Then Dickson took the pert little nipples

between finger and thumb to squeeze them gently and harden them. I felt Janet shudder with pleasure.

Dickson stood back and looked at her as she squirmed impatiently on the green baize of the card-table. Then he leant forward and ran his hand over the mossy triangle between her thighs. Janet Bond's legs relaxed a little, opening enough to let his hand run between them, and Dickson began to stroke her pert little clitoris. Soon her head was well back, her spine arched a little and her mouth opening with pleasure as her eyes closed. The Lieutenant's finger glistened with the girl's love juice. Once Dickson had her on tenterhooks, he settled down to frig her in real earnest.

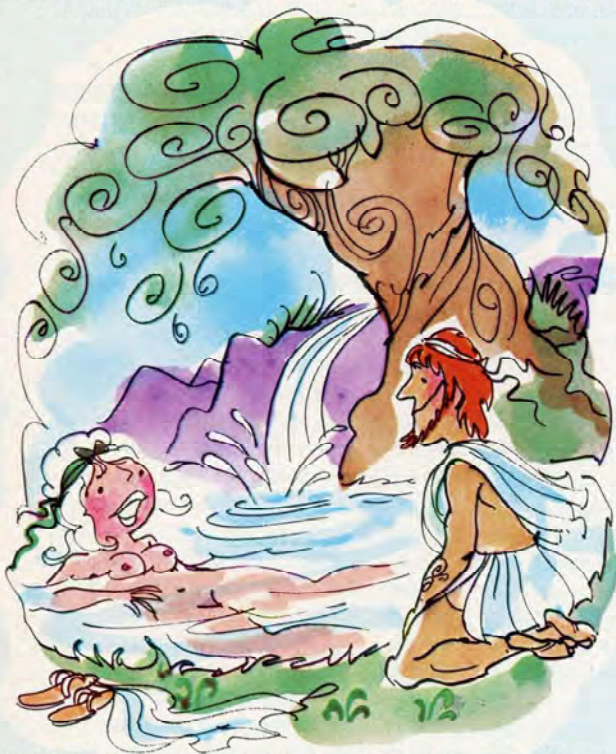
Janet's dark hair began to tumble loose as she twisted her head from side to side on the green baize. Once impaled on that finger she could no more stop her soft, pale hips from moving in love's waltz-time than she could have prevented her heart from beating. When Dickson at last drew his hand away he left her squirming on the baize with her appetite well-whetted. Algy asked her to identify the owner of the hand which had caressed her, but the charming girl, with face flushed and not trusting herself to speak, only shook her head.

It was almost two in the morning. In our brightly-lit room the only sounds were the soft whisper of the gas, mingled with Janet's gasps as she struggled in the grip of pleasure, and the smooth brushing of her inner thighs, one against the other. The Major began, gently at first, to play with the soft curly fleece between Janet's thighs. Soon he found the little sentinel who stands erect before the grotto of Aphrodite. He played on that organ-stop until our little Hoxton belle bit her lip with the delight of it. His other hand wandered to the base of her spine and then his fingers marched boldly down between the broad cheeks of her young backside until his forefinger, entering between her legs, found and opened the moist cave of Venus. Janet gave a little cry, snatched her hands from my grasp and pushed James's fingers further towards their objective. This was a cheat. Algy gave her a sharp slap on the bottom with the back of his hand and said, "Keep your hands up, you wicked girl."

Soon after this the clock on the mantelpiece struck two and Algy held up his hand.

"Very well," said he, "It shall be double or quits for you now, Janet. Tell us the names of

MYTH-BAPS *by Leon.*



"Would you mind staring at your reflection somewhere else, Narcissus?"



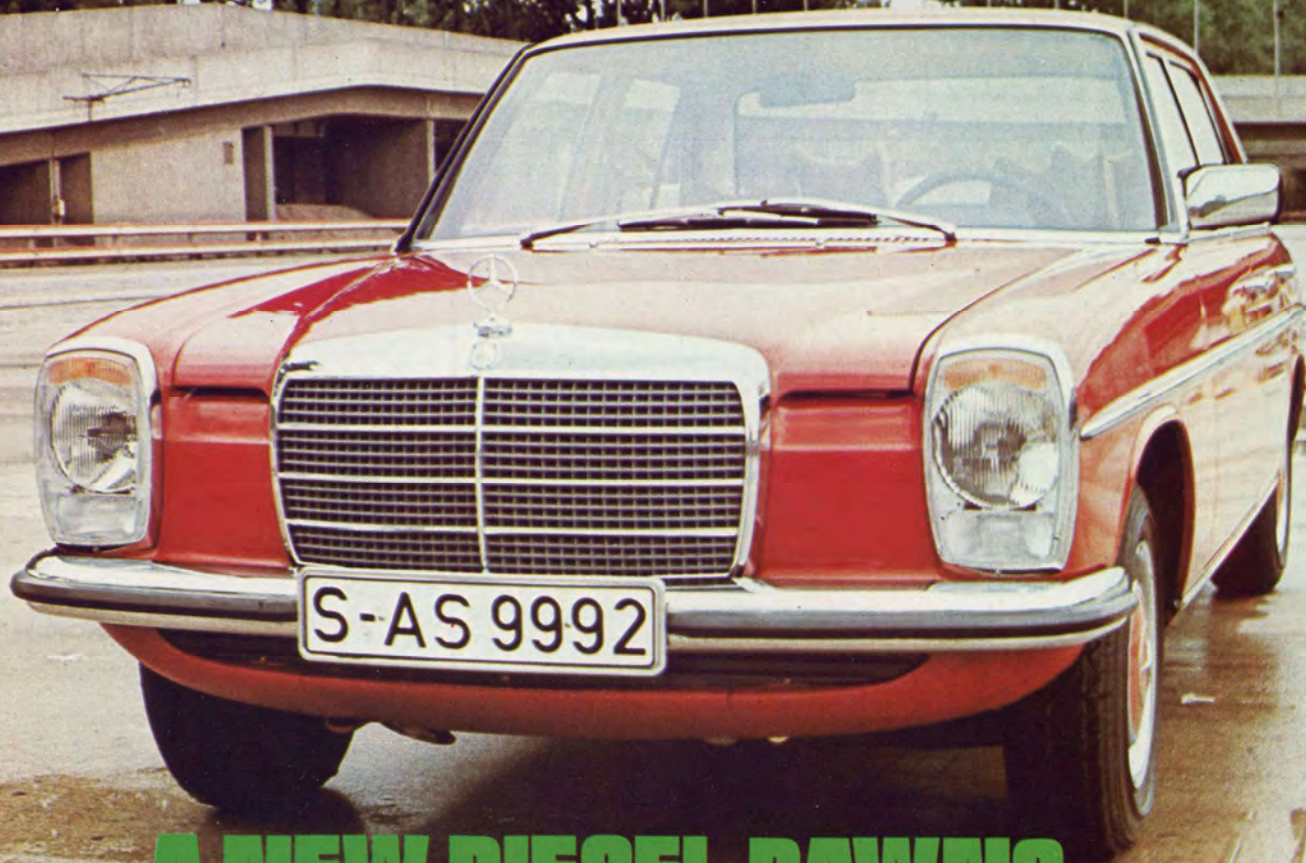
"Phew—if that doesn't get us into the Guinness Book of Records'."



"Wait till you see what's for alters!"



"Horny little devils, aren't they?"



A NEW DIESEL DAWN?

CAR CONVERSATION WITH GORDON WILKINS

Alpha: The diesel engine has never made much headway in cars, by contrast with lorries and trains, but you think rocketing fuel prices may change this situation?

Wilkins: There are some pointers in that direction. In the first five months of this year no fewer than 40% of all Mercedes-Benz' new cars were diesel-engined, a record proportion. That's one reason Mercedes achieved the remarkable feat of outselling Ford in Germany, which is rather as though Jaguar outsold Austin-Morris.

Alpha: That's a turnup for a type of engine that's always been considered noisy, shaky, and initially expensive compared with the petrol engine. Have these disadvantages now been overcome?

Wilkins: Well, I've been trying out a Mercedes with a new five-cylinder diesel engine, and the ordinary person travelling in it would hardly know that it wasn't a conventional car. You can't hear any diesel knock at all except during idling. The car runs nearly as smoothly as a six-cylinder petrol engine, and though it's not equal in performance it has more than most people ever require. It's supposed to do 92 mph maximum but I had it once or twice with the needle well past the 100 mark.

Alpha: Is it exactly comparable to a petrol car in use?

Wilkins: Just about. Diesels normally have a different cold starting procedure, because you have to switch on glowplugs in each cylinder to warm them up before the charge will

ignite, but the new Mercedes has key starting that simplifies this. Turning the key does the switching, and a red light glows which goes out when the engine is ready. Another turn of the key starts the engine. A passenger would probably not notice any difference.

Alpha: Do you regard this model as something of a turning-point in diesel cars?

Wilkins: It could be. It's the most powerful and the fastest diesel car ever offered for sale.

Merc's new 240D (top) is fastest production diesel yet.

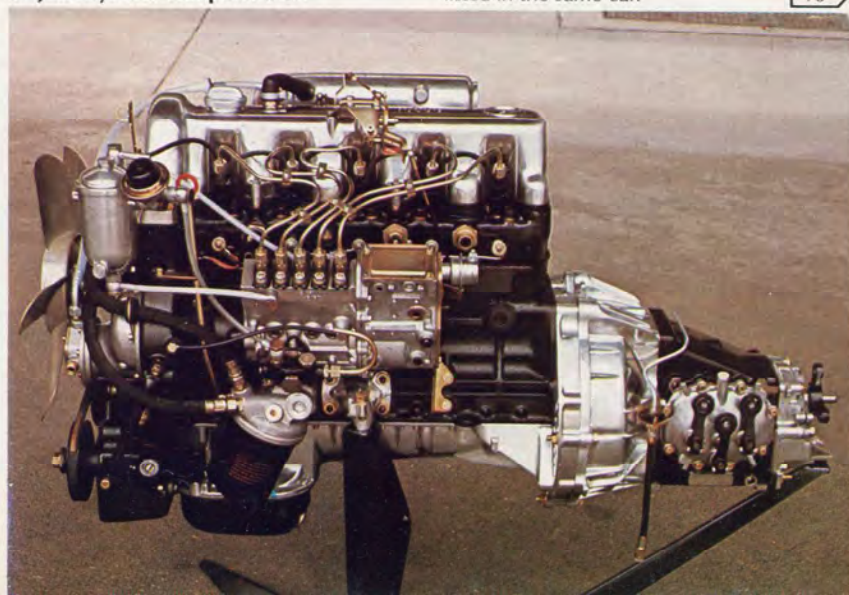
Below: its 5-cylinder C.I. powerplant. Wilkins notes that British Customs' contribution to diesel development was to require a log of all journeys and fuel purchases!

It's a 3-litre called the 240D and its engine is unique, a five-cylinder inline—the first time that arrangement has ever gone into a passenger car. Back in the mists of time there were five-cylinder radials, a North Lucas in England, a Turbo-Schweitz in Switzerland, and Dr Porsche once designed a water-cooled five-cylinder radial. These were all petrol engines.

Alpha: Why five cylinders now?

Wilkins: They had to use the same pistons, conrods, valves and similar parts as the existing 240 V4 engine to keep down costs, but six cylinders would have made the diesel engine too long and too heavy. As it is, the diesel 5 weighs about the same as the petrol 6 fitted in the same car.

76



The Luck Of A QUEEN'S DRAGOON

Alpha: Why isn't five a normal arrangement?

Wilkins: Any odd number causes problems. You get what's called "rocking couples," a vibration at crankshaft speed and at double. There's not much to be done about it except cunning balancing and mountings. The Mercedes has counter-weights on the crankshaft and a heavier flywheel, and there are hydraulic dampers on the mountings of the engine. The total effect is very satisfactory.

Alpha: Why do diesels have vibration problems?

Wilkins: As you know, the fuel is ignited by sheer compression instead of a sparkplug, and the pressures generated to do this are very high. That's also why the engine has to be so much heavier to stand up to them. After all, it runs on a compression ratio of 21 to 1.

Alpha: Compared with about 8 to 1 in petrol cars nowadays?

Wilkins: That's what it's coming down to.

Alpha: Diesel cars have of course been built by Mercedes for years and always seem to have had a following in Germany.

Wilkins: I remember a 170D back in the 1930s. So Mercedes have done some real pioneer work in the field and have a tremendous fund of knowledge, especially with a particular kind of diesel with a pre-combustion chamber. In this system the injection of fuel is made into the pre-combustion chamber and it then spreads to the main one, whereas British truck engines, say, are usually the direct-injection kind. The fuel is sprayed straight into the cylinder on top of the piston. The Mercedes system gives a much quieter engine, which is better for cars, though the British type develops more power per litre.

Alpha: Is this Diesel trend purely a Mercedes phenomenon or are other makers involved?

Wilkins: There are quite a lot of car diesels on the Continent now. Opel are gaining experience for General Motors with their 2-litre Rekord saloon, which gives 60bhp. Peugeot have a 404 diesel, a 2-litre, which gives 51bhp and a 504 station wagon of 2.1 litres and 55bhp. The smallest car diesel, I suppose, is Peugeot's little 204, which has 1255 cc. I know that Fiat regret dropping their diesel car and they're working hard at developing a new model of 2-2½ litres. They've just signed an agreement to develop small diesel engines with two European manufacturers. Incidentally a lot of light commercial vehicles on the Continent use British Perkins diesels. Alfa-Romeo recently adopted them. In this country we have diesel taxis in London, but they're the clattery kind.

Alpha: So the Continent is the main market for diesels?

Wilkins: And overseas. A lot are sold in the U.S., oddly enough. Americans of retirement age who don't want to keep changing their car buy these diesels because they're economical and last so much longer. It's mainly for them that this new 5-cylinder model has been produced. The 4-cylinders had to be driven flat out to keep up with American V8s,

especially away from the traffic lights, and a diesel isn't economical at full throttle. Its main advantage is at part-loads around town and part-throttle cruising—except that it doesn't actually have a throttle.

Alpha: No throttle?

Wilkins: No, because speed and power is regulated by varying the amount of fuel injected, not the amount of air. In fact the petrol engine wastes energy by sucking a lot of air past a closed throttle at low speeds, whereas a diesel has a more or less constant air intake.

Alpha: That's one source of economy for the diesel, but maintenance too must be cheaper, with no contact points or plugs.

Wilkins: Also because it's so solidly built. But then when the complicated fuel pump needs attention only an expert can cope with it. Fortunately a diesel engine can go an enormous time without attention. Of course the real attraction of diesels is the lower fuel consumption, and the fact that diesel fuel is a bit cheaper than petrol anyway.

Alpha: What is the difference in consumption roughly?

Wilkins: The saving is about 30%.

Alpha: Why has it taken so long for diesels to be taken up for passenger cars, considering that the engine was pioneered so soon after the petrol engine?

Wilkins: There was no incentive, I think. Petrol was widely available whereas you had to go looking for diesel fuel. And the early diesel was smelly and smoky, quite apart from being dearer and heavier than the petrol engine.

Alpha: Isn't smoke still a problem? We're always reading complaints about heavy lorries crawling uphill in a smokescreen.

Wilkins: That's only when the engine is maladjusted. As far as pollution goes, a diesel is actually less injurious than petrol engines. Mercedes say that their 240D, compared with a European petrol engine, produces less than half the nitrogen oxide in its exhaust, about a quarter of the hydrocarbons, and a tenth of the carbon monoxide. In hot places like California the diesel has another environmental advantage, because petrol evaporation from carburettor and tank there is a major source of pollution in the atmosphere even while the cars are parked. Special vents have had to be added for use in California to overcome this problem, which doesn't exist with a diesel, owing to its fuel's low volatility.

Alpha: Diesels don't figure in competition, do they?

Wilkins: No, but they can go very fast. Remember George Eyston? He broke some notable speed records before the war with a diesel car, and a team of drivers drove a streamlined single-seater Opel for days and nights to set up new long-distance records when Opel launched their 2-litre. There's nothing to stop a diesel from going very fast if you don't mind losing your fuel-consumption advantage. Above about 85 mph a diesel uses more fuel than a petrol engine. Ω

73

the two who have just touched you. Otherwise you shall pay a double forfeit."

There was a moment's pause, for the girl had not breath enough to speak at once.

"It was you, Captain Ransom, both times," said she at last.

Now if there was one person whom it could not have been, and whom Janet knew it could not have been, that was Algy. For he had given her that pat on the bum while two hands were already busy with her. The truth, of course, was that she did not want to go quit but was all eagerness to pay a double forfeit. She wriggled from the table, took up her clothes and scurried to the door.

"Who is to take first forfeit?" inquired Dickson.

James laughed loudly and coarsely: "As senior officer present, I think I can claim the right to lead the regiment into the breach." Algy led the Major off to another room amid roars of encouragement from the others, and I followed shortly afterwards, making some excuse or other that I felt seedy. We left poor Jack to amuse the impatient Lieutenant. I slipped into the dressing-room, where an apparently opaque glass gave a perfect view of activities in the adjoining bedroom. In an instant I was joined by Algy, who was curious as a schoolboy to witness the working-out of the prank.

Janet was standing naked before a triple mirror, in which we could see her prettily-dimpled face and dark eyes. She was busily tidying her hair into its original style. The handle of the door rattled as James turned it. The Major charged across the room with a glass in one hand and a half-empty champagne bottle in the other. He came upon Janet from behind, kissed the nape of her neck, and then planted several resounding kisses down the length of her spine.

Then, filling the glass with Algy's best Mœt & Chandon, he tipped the wine so that it ran over her shoulders and breasts, down her belly and thighs, as well as down her smooth white back and over her bumcheeks. Janet squealed and the satin-smooth flesh of our female hussar shone wet in the bright gaslight, in a manner that made her seem all the more seducing and lustrous. The Major licked the wine off her bobbies until her rosebud nipples stood proudly to attention. Then his tongue moved in long swathes down her back until he had to kneel to lick the rear of her thighs and her backside. Finally, he knelt before her, separating her upper thighs gently, and

pushed his tongue into the honeycomb between them. Janet's giggles ended at once, being replaced by a sudden trembling. Closing her eyes, she laid her hand on the Major's bald head, guiding his movements. All too soon, she reached such a pitch of joy that her legs would no longer support her and the Major was obliged to lay her, half-swooning with pleasure, on the bed. Soon he stood naked before her, his belly slack and his phallus stout as a policeman's truncheon.

"By thunder," cried Algy, "the hair round his balls is even redder than the fringe round his head!"

"Be silent, you idiot!" said I softly, "They can hear us through this door." And so they might have done. But the Major, at least, was deaf to us. He took a pillow, and, as Janet lay on the bed, made her lift her arse so that the pillow would go underneath her. Then kneeling between her legs he aimed the blunt head of the truncheon towards the lips of her Venus pouch. The girl gave a soft groan of satisfaction as the conquering weapon widened the supple entrance to her belly and filled her tender cavern. The Major rogered her with long and powerful strokes, as she beat softly on the bed to either side of her with her little fists, while her raised legs were crossed over his back.

Soon she was begging him to make her spend, thrusting her plump hips to and fro. Faster and faster went the dance, the tension growing until the Major, at last, emitted a long-drawn squawk of delight and anguish, drowning the gentler calls of the girl.

Lieutenant Dickson, entering the room some minutes later, found Janet lying drowsily on the bed in a black silk nightgown. Our good Lieutenant was in no mood to follow tamely where his commander had already ventured. He sat in a chair, facing the triple mirror, and beckoned Janet to him. He instructed her to undress and once she was naked, had her kneeling before him, so that he might admire her legs and her behind in the mirror while she unfastened his trousers and took the love-lance in her mouth.

All the time that she laboured at him, almost half an hour by my guess, the expression on Dickson's face hardly altered and he spoke almost nothing beyond telling Janet to part her thighs a little as she knelt, to afford him a better view in the glass. From time to time he made her stop sucking and run her tongue under the foreskin, but even this delight scarcely altered his expression. Dickson was too cold a customer by half. As the critical moment approached, he reminded Janet that her forfeit allowed her only to swallow and not to spit out. He began to guide her head with his hands, making her move more vigorously, and as the warm flood spurted, he closed his eyes, pursed his lips, and made not a sound. Without another word he got up, fastened his trousers, and walked from the room.

I let Dickson get clear and waited 10 minutes or so, for our guests were to suppose

alpha arena

CONFESSIONS OF A WINDOW CLEANER

Your Cinesex report on the *Confessions of a Window Cleaner* film says there isn't "a ladder or pail in sight." Well, what's that thing standing against the wall in the picture at the bottom of page 16? (Alpha 6). It looks very much like a window-cleaner's ladder to me.—G. Robbins, Aberdeen.

Right you are. Our editorial writer was distracted by the window cleaner's glut of conquests.—Ed.

JIMI HENDRIX SEXPERIENCE

That was a great piece you had on Jimi Hendrix (Alpha 6). I've been a keen fan of his for years, and I admire him all the more now that I know about his amorous achievements. Composer, musician, singer, hell-raiser, seducer—what a man, and hopped up with drugs too! There's nobody like him on the pop scene today. It's all become very respectable and straight, and we need more larger-than-life characters like Jimi to zip things up for the rest of us. Thanks for a fascinating mag.—E. Brodrick, Northampton.

PRAISE FOR PATSY

I'm still reeling from those pictures of Patsy (Alpha 6)! Her big goo-goo eyes now gaze at me every time I open my wardrobe door, where I've pinned her up. Being something of a bottom man I was really turned on by the picture of Patsy sprawling on her tummy, especially as she has such lovely pale flesh. I'm glad she kept out of the sun when she was in Beirut—pale bodies attract me much more than tans. I'd really like to meet Patsy, and as she dances in pubs I'm wondering whether she ever performs in Manchester, where I could go and see her in the flesh.—Bob Clark, Ardwick, Manchester.

Sorry, Bob. Patsy tells us she sticks to London pubs, because she doesn't like to be away from home, except for holidays. Let us know if you come across any photogenic girls in Manchester locals.—Ed.

ADMIRATION FOR EVE

I think your Eve (Alpha 6) is a very sexy girl, big and earthy the way I like girls. I should think she likes a lot of sex, and I wish I could have her alone for a few hours. I'd like to grab those big breasts of hers and watch her expression as I squeeze them. I don't think she'd need much working up. I'd make her crouch on hands and knees like in the picture on page 45, and I'll tell you what I should like to do to her then. . . .—Jim W., Finsbury Park, London, N.

Yes, all right, Jim! And wouldn't we all.—Ed.

£3 paid for every letter published.

Address letters please to Alpha Arena,

BCM-Alphabetic, London, WCTV 6XX.

Names and addresses required for bona fides, but withheld on request. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

OFFICE DISCIPLINE

I read the article about the girl who was spanked by her boss (Cohabits, Alpha 6) with personal interest, because I once found myself in a similar situation, and her description brought it all back to me. I was running a small business at the time in the Midlands, and I had a typist assistant who was always making the most maddening mistakes. She'd type names wrong, miss the post, and forget to pass on phone messages—that sort of thing. I ought to have fired her but she was a cheerful little thing to have around, a redhead of about 22 called Paula, full of smiles and never abashed by my regular tickings off. I was 38 at the time and not unconscious of her femininity.

One day after we'd been across to the pub for lunch we came back and discovered some dreadful oversight of hers and I told her I ought to put her across my knee. We'd both had a couple of beers and must have been slightly heated, because I didn't usually make that sort of remark to her and Paula was always pretty correct with me. Anyway she just stuck her bottom out at me and said: "I dare you". She looked so provoking, with a cheeky grin on her face and her plump bum thrust at me, that I just grabbed her and pulled her on to my lap and walloped her.

I was aghast at what I'd done but Paula looked back up at me and said: "Is that all?" Still nervous, I replied "What did you expect?" She said: "You haven't even taken my pants down." By now I was ready for anything, and I pulled her skirt up and had her pants down round her knees in a flash. Her bum looked marvellous, white and round like a meringue. I laid an appreciative hand on it and received a knowing grin from her, so I quickly gave it a few hard slaps. It was just getting pink when the phone rang and broke the spell.

After that there were several mock spankings for various offences, and one of them just before going-home time developed farther. She said I'd really hurt her and looked quite upset, so I started stroking her bottom to soothe her. From there it was a quick natural progression to cuddle, kiss, and grope! She couldn't have been wetter, and we just dropped on to the carpet and screwed. I didn't even have time to take off my trousers. She insisted on lying on me and made me hold her on by her sore buttocks. There wasn't much work done the rest of that week, I can tell you. Being married, I couldn't take her home, but we both "worked late" every evening.

It was a most exciting sexual relationship. She was hungry for screwing and would do



HALLO FROM HENRIETTA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MEL SHERIFF



"You don't know what these pictures have cost me. I never wanted to be photographed, but my boyfriend kept telling me I had such a good body. At least he used to be my boyfriend, until my father warned him off. He took some pictures of me himself and my father found one. There was one hell of a family row and boyfriend was told not to call round again. We met secretly for a while, but we both got fed up with all the scheming. I wasn't stuck on him anyway. Still, I was damned if I was going to let my father push me around like that at 22. I mean, I'm a full-grown woman, 5ft 5ins tall and 35-24-35. So I went off and posed for these pictures. Dad'll have a fit when he sees them, but it ought to teach him a lesson. Besides I suppose it's just possible he might be proud to have a daughter looking like that."

anything. I had her on the desk, on the floor, across my chair, leaning on the windowsill—you name it. In fact it was such a scene that things got out of hand in my business, and I wondered what I was going to have to do about it. Then, without any forewarning, she breezed in one morning and said she'd be leaving to get married. It turned out she'd had a regular boyfriend all the time—I can only assume he wasn't enough for her, or maybe the idea of being spanked by her boss just appealed to her. I had to hire a new girl, who greatly improved the efficiency of my business, but I never again enjoyed going to the office so much after Paula had left.—*Peter N., Wolverhampton.*

AN APPETITE FOR THREE

Waiting at a bus stop one night in my home town, I was joined by a very nice-looking young man who opened up a conversation. This developed into a true courtship over two years, and Derek and I were married. That was four years ago. Derek took my virginity after seven months' courting. He was really worked up the first time, and so was I—I was wet through when he took my briefs and tights off. His prick was very big and hurt as he pushed it in, but it was heavenly after a while. On our wedding night he had me four times and I felt worn out and sore.

I was still in my job at a shop and Derek

worked 10 miles away. He gives it to me in the morning before we get up (he calls it a livener), and I have to have it before we have our tea when he comes home, and again when we go to bed at night. This has made me feel during the day that all I want is to feel a prick inside me.

One morning at work I was bending down when I saw John, one of the two brothers I work for, looking at me between my open legs. About an hour later he called me into the back storage room and I could see in his eyes what he wanted. He kissed me and pulled my bottom close to him with one hand and began to feel me through my overalls with the other. To say that I wanted it then and there would be a lie. But I undid his flies and found his prick was even bigger than Derek's. I had to have this. So I put it where it should go.

He soon had me again, so I suggested we went back home next afternoon where we could go to bed. He said he'd do me properly, and he did—three hours nonstop. For the next three or four weeks John gave it to me every afternoon except natural causes.

One morning he said he had told his brother Alan about us and Alan wanted me too. So he came home and he was like John—a lovely big prick and knew how to use it. He came up me three times and I felt on top of the world. Here was I being done by three men every day—and they still do. So I know what it's like to be well and truly fucked now. Hope you'll publish this—I like to read other girls' letters.—*(Mrs) E.K., Dorset.*

STATELY OCCASION

Could I join the ranks of your readers who have enjoyed sex in unusual places? Last year I was in the West Country for a long weekend on my own and decided to visit one of the stately homes. I joined the regular tourist party and found that there were some French girl students in the group. I got talking to one about how it must have been in days of leisure and money. In the library, the guide said that nearly every large house had a secret place in which refugees could hide. He pushed a button at the side of the massive fireplace and a nearby panel slid open. The French girl and I were at the back of the group so didn't actually see inside, but I had noted where the guide had pressed the button. When the others moved on, I asked her if she would like to examine the "priest's hole" more closely. She said she'd love to and I opened it again. We went in, and I closed the door behind me, making sure that I found the release catch on the inside first. As soon as I closed the door I felt an overpowering desire to kiss her, and did so, finding to my delight that she responded. I would point out that as an aid to tourists, an electric light had been placed in the hole. She was wearing a short skirt and I soon had my hands under it. We lay on the small bunk and I didn't waste any time on preliminaries. I had the most fantastic climax and her orgasm made her cry out. We obviously couldn't repeat the experience and I quickly dressed and we went out into the library again. Luckily no-one was there and I started to point out some paintings to her.

The Luck Of A QUEEN'S DRAGOON

77

that Jack and I had also topped and tailed poor Janet. By the time that we were reunited round the baccarat table, now littered with empty glasses and dishes piled with cigar ash, the general mood was glum as a tomb. It was Jack who broke the silence at last.

"Look, you fellows, I've got a bit of a conscience over that girl. I don't just want to go and leave her with nothing. She's been a rattling good sport, you know. I say we leave her a sov or two."

"Two?" said Dickson with a start, as if Jack must be out of his senses.

"I'll leave her something," said I. "Two sovereigns for her youngster. Damn it, if we don't she may go out and swear rape against us all."

The thought of rape turned the tide of sentiment.

"Damn it," cried the Major, "she's a plucky

little thing, though. Here's my three sovereigns on it."

He threw down the coins, and Jack and I followed suit.

"Oh, very well," said Dickson moodily, "But two was what we suggested in the first place." Nonetheless, our two gulls had parted with five yellow-boys all told, which was an ample wage for Janet's work that night. Shortly after that both the Major and the Lieutenant shuffled out of Albany and made their ways to bed. We carried Janet's reward to her and offered her another sovereign from each of the three of us, if she would entertain us for another hour or so.

Need I add that a girl who was lying naked on a bed in Albany at three o'clock in the morning, surrounded by three dragoons, had every excuse for submitting to their suggestions? Behind the closed door we kept her busy until the clocks had long struck five. Her hips and thighs worked like a filly between the shafts as we drove her three times to the summit of love's joys. Twice she cried out with the pleasure of it and broke into such wriggings and contortions that we had to hold her fast. After this feat of arms, I was glad enough to find the sofa in Algy's dressing-room unoccupied and I fell into a profound sleep. My last waking thought was of the Major's glowing face as he leapt on Janet with the vigour of a bull mounting a prize heifer. **Ω**

MR TOMORROW

69

over the "energy crisis": Are you one of them?

Baxter: Yes. The consensus of informed opinion inside and outside the oil industry—the US Geological Survey, the British Commission for Science & Technology, and the directors of leading oil companies that I've spoken to—is that the world supply of petrol/oil will reach peak between 1980–90 after which it will tail off. The rate of total exhaustion will depend on demand, but at the present rate we'll run out between 2020–50. Just think about that! The problem is soluble, but the decisions have got to be made now. I can't see many signs of the authorities acting responsibly about the problem. What angers me are things like local authorities putting up lines of street lights along the motorway not far from where I live. If we have unlimited power, great—light up every inch of the motorways. But we don't have the generating power. There must be a rethink about what we're going to do with our diminishing resources. **Ω**

The next party arrived a few minutes later and we had to go through the whole history of the room once again.—N.D., Birmingham.

UNIFORM TASTE

From reading *Arena*, I gather that there is no hard and fast rule as to what turns men on. My own choice is a bird in uniform—I don't know what the psychiatrists make of that, and frankly I don't care.

It all dates from when I was in hospital with a minor leg injury, and the sight of the nurses made me even randier than I normally am. There was one nurse in particular, a little brunette, who was in her second year of training. She seemed to enjoy the attentions I gave her, and as I was only in hospital for about 10 days we made arrangements to meet after I left. However, I made one condition: that I picked her up as soon as she came off duty. She didn't mind and so I went up to the hospital and found her still in her uniform.

We drove off to the pub for a few drinks and then I took her back to the nurses' home. Unfortunately, there seems to be some rule about male visitors in rooms after 10 p.m., so we had to sit in the car park. She was very hospitable, though and the feel of her hard breasts under the starched uniform drove me wild. She was as adept at ministering to my emotional needs as to my medical treatments. I've met her several times since and every time she has worn her uniform. I can think of no greater kick than screwing a woman when she is partly clothed—especially when she wears the same outfit that so many people have seen during the day. So, finally, a small request—could we have some of your Alpha-birds in uniforms. I can't be alone surely in my hopes?—J. Small, Dalmarnock Road, Glasgow.

HI-FI HANG UP

Congratulations on your magazine, which seems to be going from strength to strength. I'm glad that you're covering more than just the sex scene (although I don't object to that!) In the piece about hi-fi (Alpha 6) your writer hit the nail squarely on the head when he said that as soon as you buy one set of equipment, up pops a manufacturer with what is claimed to be a superior system. Having just spent around £250 on my hi-fi recently, on the advice of what appeared to be friends in the know, I gather I'll have to fork out the same again to have quadrophonic sound. So who is kidding whom? I reckon that as soon as the public has forked out its millions on quadrophonic sound we'll be faced with octophonic sound. In fact, I recently heard that it is possible to buy a 16-track tape recorder, though what it does I've no idea. How about a definitive article on the hi-fi scene?—K. Cook, Chiselhurst, Kent.

JIMI HENDRIX

Well done on your scoop regarding Jimi Hendrix. I read this with particular interest, as it seems to back up a theory that I have.

I've always maintained that sexual energy is the same as creative energy, and that those people who are exceptionally creative have a great deal of sexual drive. Hendrix's sex life is just in line with my thinking. Not only have I reached this conclusion second hand, as it were, but I have also done some 'grass-root' research. The idea first struck me some years ago when I met a young art student—long blonde hair, jeans, and progressive ideas, including some way-out ideas on sex who said she would like to paint me. I didn't quite know what she had in mind but I agreed, and when we got to the studio she asked me to strip. I didn't need much encouragement.

Then, taking a brush, she began to paint my body! At first I protested, but then began to enjoy the feel of the brush over my skin. It was obviously exciting her, as she soon forgot about the brush and started to use her hands. I helped her out of her jeans and jumper, and she asked me to paint her in the same way. I didn't bother with the brush at all, but put my fingers in the paint and soon had her boobs looking like a hollyhock. I also daubed around her navel, but by the time I reached her pubic hair she was in no mood for the finer points of art. She fell back on a convenient chaise-lounge and we made love. The paints began to merge into one another and we stood up looking like two psychedelic freaks.

She took my hand and led me to the other end of the studio where she had a large mirror. At first we laughed at the sight we made, but then we were soon making love again—standing up. Every time I looked in the mirror I got the image of a moving rainbow and somehow this made me even more randy. I had her several times after that but never with paint around—I suppose it was too expensive. This may seem a far cry from the antics of Jimi Hendrix, but my art-student girlfriend gave me an insight into what making love was all about, and I've made a point of taking out "arty" girls ever since. So it seems to me that the more creative—in any of the arts—a bird or guy is the more switched-on he or she is likely to be. I wonder if any other readers have reached similar conclusions?—A.G., Marylebone High Street, London, W.1

HOW TUPPY DOES IT

Tuppy Owens must lead a charmed life! Wherever she goes she seems to land on her feet—or whatever else she cares to land on. In Alpha 6 for example, she tells how she arrived in New York and within 10 minutes she is asked to take part in a blue movie! I just don't understand it. Most people go through their lives trying to experience even half-a-dozen of the situations she finds herself in, and yet it looks as if Tuppy enjoys the outer reaches of sex nearly every day. How does she manage it?

Don't get any idea that I'm complaining—on the contrary. If it weren't for people like her, what would the rest of us have to hope

UNEXPURGATED ADULT READING

from the noted list of
Luxor Books

Book 1: SEXUAL ANATOMY OF WOMAN A unique new guide, in high-definition photos—many of them in brilliant full-colour for greater clarity. Scores of finely detailed, intimate photos (NOT drawings or sketches) show the many, many different variations in breast and vaginal development in women. And this is yours for just **£2**.

Book 2: FORBIDDEN FRUIT Expensive but a true delight for connoisseurs, this Limited Edition, luxuriously produced (the publishers did not dare produce it in a budget-priced edition) is a study of incest in forbidden literature and produces prize examples of bizarre and lusty tales on this theme. **£8.40**.

Book 4: HELLO SEX From the authors/photographers of *Love Positions* and million-selling *Sexual Love Photobook*, an utterly honest, new kind of easy-to-follow manual for youngsters... a controversial, outspoken guide truly in tune with today. However, broad-minded people of every age group are finding plenty in it that's new to them! Only **95p**.

Book 5: PHOTOBOOK OF SECRET TECHNIQUES OF EROTIC DELIGHT Over half-a-million of the all-words *Secret Techniques of Erotic Delight* were sold in the '60s. Now for the sexy '70s comes its sensational successor—the *Photobook* of "secret techniques" which tells you in pictures how to make your home a palace of intimate joy. Only **95p** to Alpha readers!

Book 6: OH! OH! JOSEPHINE The first British edition of the notorious German "underground" classic called *Josephine Mutterbader*. It's an uncensored, often shocking life story of a young nymphomaniac who, from the age of seven, searches out and revels in every kind of sexual experience imaginable! Moreover this edition, in two volumes, features torrid "stills" from the recent Continental film production of *Josephine* (which we shall probably never see in an uncut version!) Nearly 400 pages of incredible reading at **£1.90** for both books.

Book 7: WOMEN'S PRIVATE PLEASURES In this unique photostudy, uninhibited young women lay bare their bodies and their souls for you to inspect, revealing their intimate moments, exposing their secret erotic fantasies and acting them out in pictures... a very unusual, frequently startling picture book for only **95p**!

PRIVATE & CONFIDENTIAL

Please send me the books I have circled below:

1 2 4 5 6 7

I enclose my cheque/PO (payable to Concord Products) for £..... and have added 15p per book for postage and packing. I am over 18 years of age.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Post this today to: Concord Products, c/o BCM-Alphabetic, London WC1V 6XX.

for? Keep it up Tuppy—if that's the right phrase!—G.M., Preston Road, Manchester.

Tuppy does have the knack of knowing the right people!—Ed.

BLAME WOMEN?

I sympathize with your reader K. Wright (Alpha 5) but he's a bit too hard on women. I've been married twice, so I've had a bit of experience, especially if you count a fair number of casual affairs too. It takes a bit of getting used to but I think a chap has to realize that women are only randy some of the time, unlike men, and if you press them at the wrong time you get the excuses that Mr Wright complains about. It's annoying, but I believe it's their biology, which you can't really blame them for.

Where I blame women is for their hangups. My second wife nearly had a fit when I first suggested fellatio. She'd never even heard of such a thing, though I wasn't the first bloke she'd had—I was the third, I think. Once or twice she got as far as taking it in her mouth, but made such a fuss about it and did it so badly that I gave up. That was bloody-mindedness, not biology.

I like to bend a woman over a settee or an armchair so that her bottom is presented invitingly towards me, and then feel her buttocks cushion my thrusts, and I don't see why any woman can't do that for a man. But I knew one who couldn't be bothered—probably too lazy to stand up, and nothing to do with biology. Anyway there was always an evasion.

When I read accounts of girls who enjoy doing anything that pleases a man it makes me wonder whether such stories can be true. Girls I've known so often seem to draw the line at something or other—I've even known

a prudish whore. I'd be interested to hear other readers' experiences, as it would make me feel better to find I wasn't the only one to suffer.—"Stymied", Kew, Surrey.

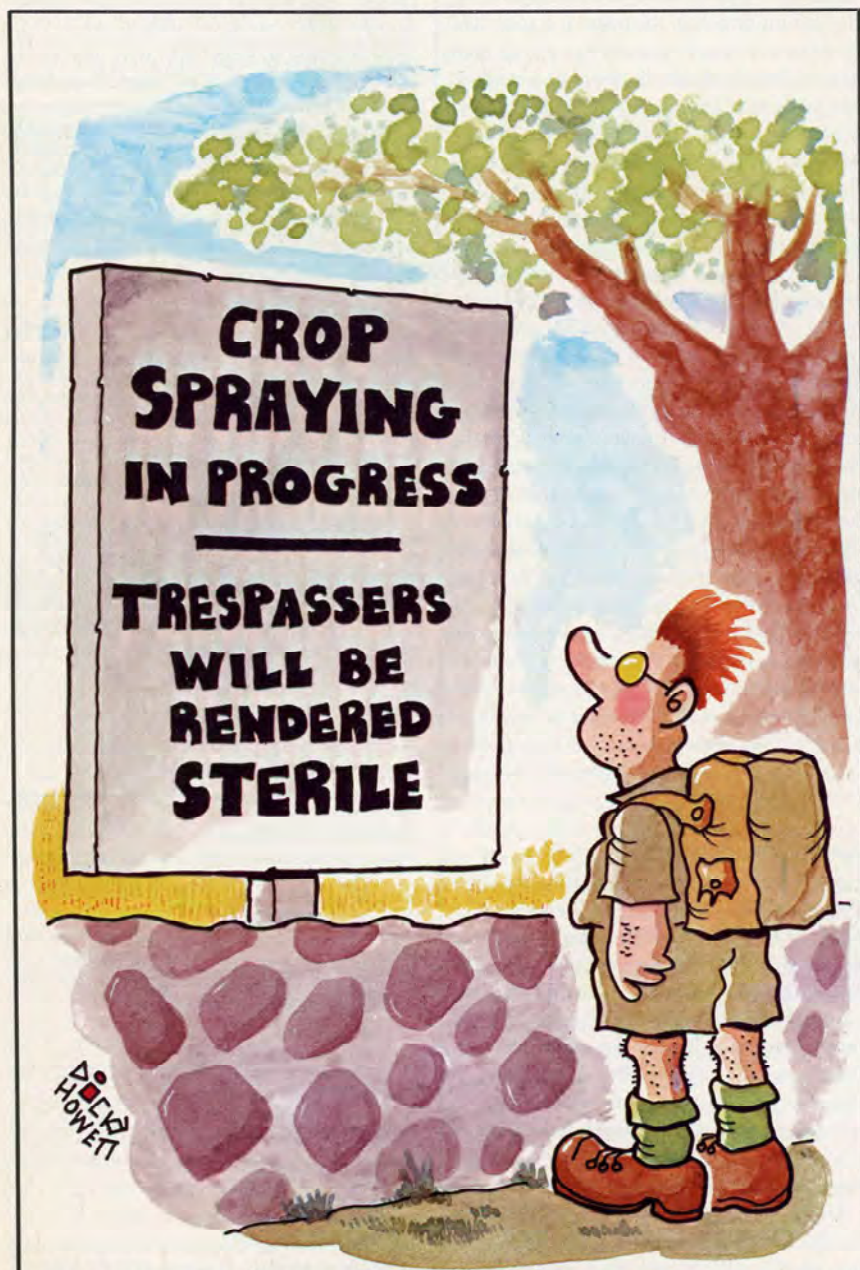
IN LOVE, OFF FORM

The moralist-minded woman (what's she doing reading Alpha?) who said "There's such a thing as love, you know" (Alpha 6) is talking about things she doesn't understand. Love and sex don't necessarily go together, and in my experience one can spoil the other. My own sexual performance is usually much better with a woman I don't care about than with a woman I'm stuck on. Sleeping with a woman you love is lovely, but not so exciting sexually as with a casual girlfriend, because your climax is easier to control if you aren't stuck on her. You can make the whole business last much longer and try all sorts of things and then come when you choose to. But if you're bonkers about the woman you'll be lucky to hold out till she's ready for her own climax.

Come Judgement Day I could produce a string of girls to testify that I was a first-class lover, but none of them would be girls I'd loved. One girl I know who thinks I'm an "amorous prodigy" has about six orgasms to my one and is always saying that "we're so good together we should stay together." To me she's just a lay, and I feel nothing for her. If I were in love with her our "lovemaking" would all be over in a fraction of the time and she'd be accusing me of premature ejaculation. Perhaps that's what happens in marriages? So far I've avoided finding out.—Peter T., Wallsend, Northumberland.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

It was a coincidence reading what you correspondent said about going after girls with lucky names—lucky for him, I mean (Alpha 5). I'd been thinking something rather similar, because I met a girl called Agatha. That's a really ugly name, isn't it, and I didn't fancy having a girlfriend with an old-fashioned name like that. But she wasn't bad looking and I wondered whether other blokes had been put off by her name. Maybe she found boyfriends hard to get. Thinking like that, I decided to have a go, and took her out for a drink. When I took her home she asked me in for some tea and I had the surprise of my life. We were in the kitchen brewing up and I put my arms round her from behind and held her tits. She didn't move for a bit, then she turned off the kettle and put her hand behind her and started feeling my flies. I said, "Let's lie down", but she said, "I can't, not this week". She went on feeling me, though, and unzipped me and turned round to face me. "Sit down", she said, with her hands now inside my trousers. I did what she said and she then pulled out my penis and bent over my lap and gave me the greatest blowjob ever! Afterwards she said, "That should keep you going". She turned out to be the sexiest girl I've known.—Kenneth G., Colchester, Essex. **Ω**





Your finest hour...

...begins when you light up a pipeful of Whiskey Flake. Here is a mature, cool-smoking tobacco that lends reassuring support to every endeavour,



and subtly enriches each moment of pleasure. Choose it always or just when the occasion demands. Available, too, ready rubbed for the pipe.

Haigland Evening.

HAIG
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
GOLD LABEL
JOHN HAIG & CO. LTD.
DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, SCOTLAND
70° PROOF 26 2/3 FL. OZS.
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

Don't be vague. Journey's end with Haig.